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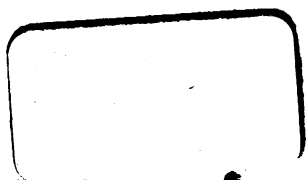
Shadow Remains

D. K. Thompson, M. A.

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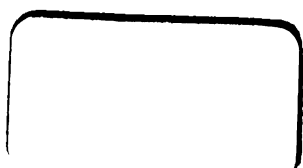
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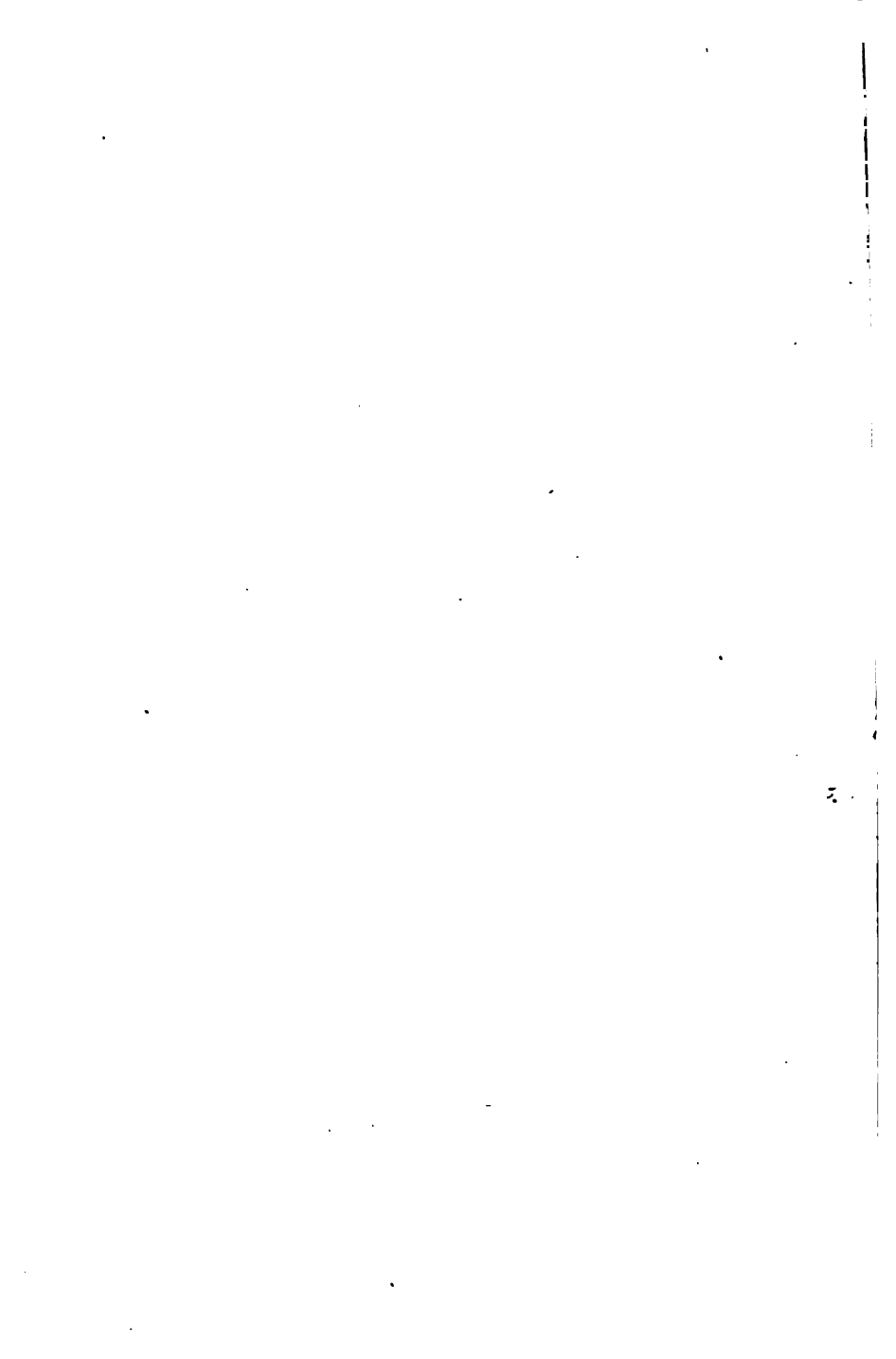
Frances Grimes Sitherwood,
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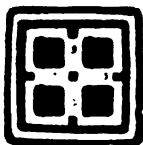




JIMTOWN REMINISCENCES

BY

O. E. Throckmorton, M. D.

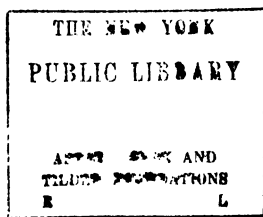


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[21/13]
WES

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To My Mother

PUTMAN BOOKSHOP 11/10/52

INTRODUCTION.

IN THIS BOOK of reminiscences are some old-fashioned sentiments of an old-fashioned fellow—one who, perhaps, from the viewpoint of many, has not caught the true spirit of the times. It may be that the author is one of those who lag behind, one of the many who by force of circumstance rather than by choice are compelled to move tardily forward; certain it is that he is not one of those who are ever in the lead and at the same time dragging the laggards with them. It may be that he is one who, waiting while others toil till victory crowns their efforts, accepts the fruits of their labor with seemingly ungrateful heart. Notwithstanding that in this twentieth century the things of today are cast aside tomorrow (for it seems that the people are not only willing but anxious to cast aside the old and take up the new), the writer of these verses must confess that he has a habit of clinging to the old, and takes up the new, if at all, with reluctance.

While acknowledging that some things of today are far superior to those of the past and be-

yond the wildest dreams of our childhood days, and that the needs of humanity make it imperative that some things of yesterday be cast aside, yet it seems, whenever memory takes us back to where our childhood days are brought to view, or when we remember those who, by striving, succeeded in making the world what it is today, that there is a halo around "the things of long ago."

While these verses are disposed to be optimistic, yet it does not necessarily follow that the author is always of the same disposition; on the contrary, many of the cheerful lines were written when the author had a bad case of the "blues." However, after such effort the clouds have often drifted apart to let the sunlight in. If the reading of these verses should help some fellow laborer to bear his burden and perchance give him a broader view of life and cause him at times to reach down and lift up some soul that has become discouraged; if in their publication the author should find just a few who understand; then the effort will not have been in vain.

O. E. T.

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**JIMTOWN
REMINISCENCES**



A Jintown Discussion

JIMTOWN.

You can talk about the splendor
Of the things you have today,
Tell how much you think 'em better,
Than the ones you've cast away.
I'll admit you have things finer
And more bizness like, but then,
There was lots o' things 'bout Jimtown
What I'd like to see again.

While there was no train a-runnin'
And a-stirrin' up the town,
Yet you didn't get half coaldust
When a snowflake it come down.
Was no social clubs to speak of,
Yet there wasn't a poker den,
And was lots o' things 'bout Jimtown
As I'd have 'em be again.

While you'd think we had no hustle
And our news was allus slow,
There was lots o' things 'bout Jimtown
What the cities never know.
While we had no lofty buildin's
And there was no 'lectric light,
Yet the fate o' this here Nation
Was decided there at night.

While there was no public buildin's,
Just the meetin' house and store,
Yet the men would sometimes gather
At the blacksmith shop next door.
Oh, it was no town to speak of
When you come to talk o' size,
But there's somethin' born at Jimtown
What just someway never dies.

There was no chautauqua lectures
And we had no vaw-de-ville,
Was no parks with high class music—
Nothin' o' that kind—but still,
When I think o' apple peelin's
And the spellin' bees, why say!
I believe he was as happy
As the folks what live today.

While there's some folks won't believe it
(Least that's what they allus say),
(There was just as much o' pleasure
As is in the towns today;
And sometime when you are lonely,
Kind o' musin'-like, why then
I bet somewhere there's a Jimtown
What you'd like to see again.

WHEN YOU HEAR THE RAIN DROPS.

Ain't it curious how the patter
Of the steady fallin' rain
What's a-startin' up the daisies
And the grass along the lane,
When the wind's a-stirrin' gentle
In a sighin' sort o' way,
Brings a feelin' on a-body
What you allus wish would stay?
Kind o' smoothes out all the tangles
And relieves your mind o' care
When you hear the rain drops patter'n'
And a-drippin' ever'where.

You have heard 'em in the springtime,
When it's 'most a-breakin' day,
And the birds are kind o' chirpin'
And a-gettin' under way,
'And you lay in bed a-dreamin'
Of some happy days you've seen,
Tho' you're neither 'wake nor sleepin'
But are sort o' in between.
Then the drippin's fairy music,
And so gentle like and slow
That it kind o' takes you backwards
To the days o' long ago.

I recall a-sleepin' yonder,
 In a dreamy sort o' way,
Long afore my face was wrinkled
 Or my hair was turnin' gray;
I can hear the rain drops patter
 On the clapboards overhead,
While I lay there just beneath 'em
 Sort o' snoozin' there in bed,
And a-buildin' fairy castles
 In a youngster's lazy way—
Half a-sleepin', half a-wakin'
 Through the breakin' of the day.

I can hear the water runnin'
 And a-droppin' off the eaves;
I can hear the gentle rustle
 Of the newly opened leaves.
'Most can hear the buds a-bu'stin'
 And the things we thought was dead
All a-shootin' and revivin',
 Each a-tryin' to be ahead.
It begets a soothin' feelin'
 What I allus wish would stay,
When the rain drops start to patter
 And it's 'most a-breakin' day.

I have allus liked to hear it
 When a-nappin' up in bed,
Just a-rippin' down the gutter
 And a-patter'n' overhead;
In the early days o' springtime
 Is the time I like it best,
When it's wakin' up the daisies
 From their night o' winter rest;
And it's then I wish that somehow
 I'd be soothed to sleep that way,
When my lifework all is ended
 And it's 'most a-breakin' day.

THE OLD DRUM CORPS.

If there's anything can cheer you
When you're kind o' on the bum
It's to get some good old fifer
And a bass and tenor drum;
When them fellars get a-goin'
At a lively sort o' rate,
Then there's somethin' in your bosom
'Pears to sort o' elevate.

When your spirits are a-droopin'—
Sort o' goin' down kersock
Like a tin can in the mill-pond
What's been weightied with a rock,
And it 'pears you've 'most struck bottom,—
When you hear the drum corps start,
Then there comes a sort o' bulgin'
In the region of your heart.

And there's somethin' sort o' bracin'
'Pears to permeate the air,
And you feel it somehow strike you
With the tattoo on the snare;
Then the music starts in earnest,
And your spirits upward soar,
And they never stop the music
But you're allus wantin' more.

While a few perhaps don't like it,
And they 'low it's mostly noise,
Yet it makes the children happy
And it jollies older boys.
You can kick about the racket,
Though of high or low estate;
But you get the drum corps started
And you'll see folks congregate.

There's a charm about it somehow
And it 'pears to touch a spot
What somewhere within his bosom
'Pears 'most ever'body's got.
Yes, the best thing for to liven
When a fellar's feelin' bum
Is to get some good old fifer
And a bass and tenor drum.

THERE'S FOLKS A-NEEDIN' HELP.

Are you dwellin' in the sunlight?
Don't the shadows never fall?
Is your life a round o' pleasure
What's a-waitin' for your call?
Don't you know no pain nor sorrow—
Not a heartache nor a care?
Is it one continual sunbeam
Follerin' you 'most ever'where?
Don't forget at times, my brother,
Just to take a backward view,
'Cause there's folks back in the shadows
What's a-needin' help from you.

Mebby you are allus lucky
From a business point o' view,—
If there's any chances comin',
'Pears they allus wait for you.
Mebby 'tain't because you've earned it
That you're on the winnin' list,
'Cause there's folks what tried lots harder,
And it 'pears they've allus missed.
When you're countin' up your treasures,
Sort o' take a backward view,
'Cause there's folks what's all discouraged
What's a-needin' help from you.

Have you fireside, home and fam'ly
 'Waitin' when the day is done?
Is there some one who will praise you
 If the battle's lost or won?
Is your path all easy sailin'?
 Are there friends to help you through?
Speak a word to help your brother
 What's a-tryin' same as you.
When you're settin' at your fireside,
 Sort o' take a backward view,
'Cause there's lots o' folks what's friendless
 What's a-needin' help from you.

If you're climbin' up the mountain,
 And have reached a lofty view,
There's a glorious panorama
 What's a-waitin' there for you.
Are the clouds o' doubt below you?
 Is the way all bright and fair?
Have you reached the top o' Pisgah?
 Are you just a-restin' there?
Turn aside from Heav'nly visions—
 Sort o' take a backward view,
'Cause there's folks down in the valley
 What's a-needin' help from you.

In the path o' life's brief journey,
Be your lot just what it may,
If you'll look, there's someone 'bout you
You can help along his way.
When your life seems overburdened
'With a lot o' trials and care,
Just the doin' of a kindness
Makes the pathway brighter there.
When you think you're havin' hardships,
Sort o' take a backward view,
'Cause there's folks a-strugglin' someplace
What's a-needin' help from you.

[THE CITY MIGHT DO, IF—

I ain't nothin' 'gin the city,
And I'd like it purty well
If there wer'n't so much o' mis'ry
'Long with all the show and swell,—
If it offered more o' sweetness
In the strugglin' poor man's cup,
And a little more o' kindness
For to lift the fallen up,—
Just a little less o' splendor
Where the avenue's aglow,
And a little more o' promise
With the by-street's bitter woe.

Oh, I know its best is splendid,
And you hardly know it's night,
For the sunlight 's almost rivaled
By the modern 'lectric light;
[There is spots where flow'rs are bloomin'
And it 'pears there ain't a care,
And to some it looks like heaven
When they gaze in windows there;
But I can't repel the picture,
'Spite the avenue's bright glow,
Of the sights around the corner
Where it's poverty and woe.

Mebby city's better'n country,
And to some more pleasure gives,
But I'd like to have less heartaches
On the street where poor folks lives;
Like a little less o' feasin',
For to have the hungry fed—
Like a little more than prayin'
Where there's folks a-needin' bread.
While folks has a right to riches
If they made their money square,
Yet amid the city's mis'ry
I keep askin', Is it fair?

Yes, I'd mebbly like it better
If there wer'n't so much o' self
And a little more o' friendship
Scattered in among the wealth.
If a man would be a brother
To 'most ever'one he'd see,
Then I dunno but the city
Would do purty well for me.
And I'd like the city's splendor—
Like to see the lights aglow—
If you'd paint away the picture
Of the by-street's bitter woe.

While the country ain't all sunshine
And there's ofttimes sorrow there,
(Sort o' 'pears there's allus sadness
Mixed with pleasure ever'where),
Yet I tire so of the splendor
Of the city's crowded street
Where you never get a handshake
From the people what you meet.
And it's then I start to thinkin',
If you're really wantin' rest,
Then the quiet of the country
('Pears to me) is lots the best.



"Where the deep hole use to be."

'TWIXT NIGHT-TIME AND DAY.

When the light's a-gettin' dimmer
And the sky's a-turnin' gray,
Sort o' 'pears like time's a-hangin'
'Twixt the night-time and the day;
When there ain't no one about me,
But it's quiet like and still,
[Then I'll sort o' start to musin',
Like a musin' fellar will,
And my thoughts 'most allus wander
In a dreamy kind o' way
And 'most allus sort o' nestle
In some distant childhood day.

Then I kind o' coax my mem'ry
For to act that sort o' way,
'Cause I like to have it wander
And with childhood dreams to stay;
For it allus makes one peaceful,
Sort o' smooths your careworn brow
Just to sidestep to life's springtime
And to leave the cares o' now.
For I like to live in mem'ry
Past the years what since have flown,
And to muse 'bout folks and places
What to childhood days were known.

So I wander with my fancy
At the endin' o' the day;
Childhood scenes will flit before me,
And I try to have 'em stay.
I can see the pigeons courtin'
Up around the old barn loft,
Hear the doves their mates a-callin'
In a voice what's low and soft.
I can hear the water splashin'
Where the deep hole use to be;
Can 'most see the leaves a-quiver
On the overhangin' tree.

I can see the place the killdee
And the bobwhite had their nest,
Where the nuts was allus thickest
And the apples was the best.
I can hear the wrens and thrushes,
'Mongst the tangled underwood,
And can see the cattle restin'
Where the old black walnut stood;
See the orchard and the woodlot,
See each cool and shady glen,
And ofttimes when I'm a-musin'
I'm a-restin' there again.

O, it is a wondrous vision
What the dream o' childhood brings,
'Cause there ain't no gloomy shadows,
But the air 'most allus rings
With the mirth o' youthful laughter;
It's a time what's free o' care,—
Ain't no sorrow or no heartaches,
But just sunshine ever'where.
Then I close my eyes, for somehow
That just seems to make it last,
When my mem'ry starts to driftin'
And a-livin' in the past.

While there's folks what think it gloomy—
'Bout the saddest time o' day,—
And it 'pears they're allus feelin'
Kind o' lonesome-like someway,
Yet I like to sit in twilight
With its shadows and its gloom,
For it brings to me more visions
Than the grandest lighted room;
Like to sit there just a-musin'
In a dreamy sort o' way,
When it 'pears like time's a-hangin'
'Twixt the night-time and the day.

THANKSGIVIN' DAY.

When the air is kind o' snappish
 And the sky at times is gray,
When the cider is a-sparklin',
 And the punkins ripe—why say!
Ain't you ever sort o' noticed
 How sich times 'most allus bring
Just a sort o' love for eatin'
 Till you'll eat 'most anything?
Oh it was a splendid *i-dee*
 (Or to me it seems that way)
When they settled our 'Thanksgivin'
 On that kind o' frosty day.

It's when fall is most-nigh ended
 And it ain't quite winter yet,
But there's somethin' what's a-floatin'
 In the air you can't forget;
Sort o' 'pears to be contagious
 And affects both young and old
When it's just 'tween autumn crispness
 And Old Winter's bitter cold.
Now perhaps that's just the reason
 That it's called 'Thanksgivin' day,
For it sort o' 'pears there's somethin'
 Makes one feel that sort o' way.

When the crops is mostly gathered
And the winter's wood is got,
Ever'thing's a-tastin' better—
'Pears to go right to the spot;
And it seems 'most ever' season
There will come that kind o' spell
When the sick folks they feel better
And the well ones lots more well.
And the clouds are allus turnin'
Till they show the silver side.
Ever'thing it seems is suited—
'Pears to be just satisfied.

While there ain't the smell o' blossoms
Like there is along in May
And there ain't the scented clover
Like we have on some June day,
And there ain't the lazy feelin'
Like we have in early fall,
Yet there's somethin' what's a-comin'—
You can 'gin to feel it crawl—
Just a-creepin' o'er your body
Till at last there comes a day
You just get to sort o' feelin'
Kind o' thankful-like someway.

It ain't caught from other people,
Or I've allus said it's not,
For the best place for to catch it
Is some quiet wooded spot.
You can set there just a-musin'
And you feel it in the breeze,
And imagine it's a-talkin'
With it's sighin' through the trees.
Oh it's somethin' what's a-floatin'
In the air, is what I say,
And I think that's just the reason
That it's called 'Thanksgivin' day.

WHAT I LIKE TO PLAY.

Oh the world's a queerish mixture
When you stop and take a view,
And there's queerish people in it—
'Pears they've each a differ'nt pew;
For each one has got his i-dee
Of the thing he likes to play,
But I'd like to be at Jimtown
Just a-playin' of croquet.

And it's funny what queer notions
Other folks will sometimes get;
Mebby what they like is pleasure,
But I've never found it yet.
I don't care none 'bout your socials
Or your euchre clubs, but say—
I'd just like to be at Jimtown
In a game o' plain croquet.

I have watched men playin' checkers
And I've seen 'em playin' pool,
And I ain't forgot the capers
What we use to cut at school.
While I guess they'd sort o' answer
Just to pass the time away,
Yet when huntin' for real pleasure
Start a game o' plain croquet.

I can see 'em now a-playin'
And can hear the fellars fuss,
For the folks what was religious
Would at times just purt-nigh cuss.
I can hear the balls a-crackin'
In a merry sort o' way
And can see the place at Jintown
Where we use to play croquet.

Yes the world's a queerish mixture
When you come to take a view,
For the things with what I'm suited
Ain't the things what's suitin' you.
If to you them things is pleasure
You've a right to have your way,
But I'd like to be at Jintown
Just a-playin' of croquet.

KEEP A-SAWIN' WOOD.

When things happen out o' kelter
And the air is dark and blue—
Ain't no rainbow what's a-shinin'
And a-smilin' back at you—
It's no time to be a-mopin';
Just you go to sawin' wood,
'Cause it's lots o' satisfaction
When you've done the best you could.

Most the world keeps on a-movin',
And the days a-goin' by
Don't have no effect on nature—
You can laugh or you can cry.
Why don't *you* show up your gumption
And just go to sawin' wood—
For it's lots o' satisfaction
When you've done the best you could.

When things 'gin a-goin' backwards
And you're snappish, ill and cross,
Nature keeps right on a-smilin'—
You're the one 'twill stand the loss;
Flow'rs they just keep on a-bloomin'
And the birds are just as gay;
'Pears like other things ain't mindin'
Nary single thing you say.

Don't you know when clouds are hangin'
And the sun awhile is hid,
Somewhere else it's now a-shinin'
Just as bright as't ever did?
If things ain't just to your likin'
Keep right on a-sawin' wood—
'Cause it's lots o' satisfaction
When you've done the best you could.

Seems so curious, when you're ruffled
And ain't more than half a man,
How most other things are tryin'
Just to do the best they can.
It's amazin' how 'twill help you
When you start to sawin' wood;
'Then it's lots o' satisfaction
When you've done the best you could.

When things happen out o' kelter
And you're ugly through and through,
You'll find other things ain't mindin'
Or a-worryin' much 'bout you.
If you'd like for folks to notice,
Just you go to sawin' wood;
In the end they like a fellar
What has done the best he could.

THERE'S GOOD IN EVER'BODY.

Did you ever meet a fellar
What just 'peared was wholly bad?
Never had a good thought 'bout him?
(Or you'd never think he had)
'Peared to be clean past redemption?
Least 'twould look that way—but then,
There is good in ever'body,
Some bad in the best o' men.

Mebby he's a-tryin' hardest;
He may have the harder test,
And the only thing what's counted
Is the doin' of one's best.
I'll admit there is some fellars
'Pear most awful bad—but then,
There is good in ever'body,
Some bad in the best o' men.

You don't know your brother's tempter,
Nor don't know what trials he's had.
Mebby you had smoother sailin',
Or you'd been most-nigh as bad.
Now his good may be so hidden
That you see just bad—but then,
There is good in ever'body,
Some bad in the best o' men.

Don't you see how 'tis, my brother—
How just bad is all some know?
'They ain't had the chance o' others
And the good just couldn't grow.
He may 'pear to you as hopeless,
And you'll pass him by—but then,
'There is good in ever'body,
Some bad in the best o' men.

It don't help your fallen brother
When you kick him lower down;
While a smile may lift him up'ards,
He sinks lower with your frown.
You may think 'tain't worth the effort—
Just a waste o' time—but then,
'There is good in ever'body,
Some bad in the best o' men.

WHERE THE SUNLIGHT RESTS.

As I view the risin' storm-cloud
 I'm ofttimes o'ercome with fear,
And I oft would flee in terror
 As the shadows gather near,
And my heart is weak and falt'rin'—
 Filled with gloom and sore distressed—
Till I see on distant landscape
 Where the golden sunbeams rest.

Oft along my earthly journey
 The dark clouds of sorrow bend,
And the shadows dark appallin'
 Will upon my heart descend.
Yet when darkness overtakes me
 I still see with faith's clear eyes,
For I know beyond the shadows
 Brightly golden sunlight lies.

Trav'lin' o'er life's troubled pathway,
 Ofttimes fear will come to me
As I see the storm-clouds gather
 And the wild tumultuous sea.
Yet in faith I'm steerin' onward,
 Though oft tossed by stormy crests,
For I know beyond life's tempests
 Is where God's bright sunlight rests.

"HELLO BILL."

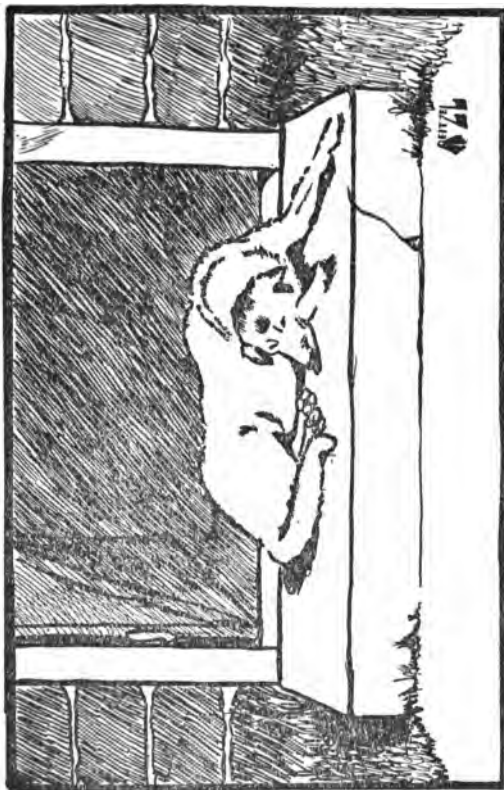
Did you ever stop to notice
How it brings a sort o' thrill
When you come across a fellar
What just hollers "Hello Bill?"
It don't matter where you meet him—
Mebby that's just all he'll say;
But it lifts a load o' trouble
When he greets you that-a-way.

Some pretend that they don't like it—
Think it ain't refined—but, say!
Now to me it brings the sunshine,
And the clouds just melt away.
Some may sort o' scorn the *i-dee*—
Say they don't believe it—still,
I'm someway a differ'nt fellar
When I hear that "Hello Bill."

If your clothes are sort o' shabby
And you're run down at the heel,
Makes no differ'nce how cadav'rous
Or how woe-begone you feel,
Someway things will allus brighten—
Don't know why, but yet they will—
When you run across that fellar
With his cheery "Hello Bill."

He don't wait to see who's lookin'
 'Fore he stops to speak to you,
And don't speak just like he had to,
 But just like he wanted to.
Other folks may sort o' pass you,
 But you bet he never will.
If you fail or if you're winnin'
 It's the same old "Hello Bill."

When I leave this land o' mortals,
 Sort o' cast off with the tide,
I just think that sound would cheer me
 Till I reach the other side;
And when landin' over yonder—
 It sounds funny now, but still,
I'd just like to have that fellar
 Greet me with his "Hello Bill."



"On the doorstep as he lay."

OLD ROVER.

I can shut my eyes and see him
On the doorstep as he lay
With his eyes about half open
In a lazy sort o' way;
'Most can see the snowball blossoms,
Hear the hum o' honey bees,
'Most can smell the lilacs' perfume
What's borne on the Mayday breeze.
Yes, the picture's all before me
With Old Rover as he lay
Sort o' dozin' on the doorstep
In a lazy sort o' way.

Then there comes a sort o' vision,
And my mem'ry somehow goes,
Till I'm wander'n' now with Rover
Where the brooklet gently flows,
And I build my ship and start it
While Old Rover watches me
As it drifts on with the current
Past the weepin' willow tree.
In the pathway through the forest,
Through each dark and shady glen,
Now in mem'ry with Old Rover
I review it all again.

Now again we're in the meadow,
Through the pasture down the lane,
And the barkin' of Old Rover
Was to me a sweet refrain;
Now we wander through the orchard,
'Round the garden to the well—
We two comrades comin' homeward
As the shades o' ev'nin' fell.
But the picture allus circles
Till I see him as he lay,
Sort o' dozin' on the doorstep
In a lazy sort o' way.

Oh if time would only let me
Sail my ship the other way,
Till I'd reach the cabin doorstep
Where Old Rover use to stay,
Roam again through field and forest,
Wander 'long the shady brook,
Be again a carefree urchin
'Fore old age my childhood took.
Play again with dear Old Rover
Or just see him as he lay,
Sort o' dozin' on the doorstep
In a lazy sort o' way.

But my ship is sailin' onward
 Out across life's troubled sea;
Long ago I left the harbor
 Where Old Rover played with me.
But I hope some day to anchor
 In a haven bright and fair,
And I wish that somehow Rover
 Could just meet me over there,
Play again around that dooryard,
 Or old fashioned-like just lay
Sort o' dozin' on the doorstep
 In a lazy sort o' way.

THE OLD JIMTOWN BAND.

It's queer, when talkin' o' music,
Or hearin' folks play today,
It 'pears like I'm allus bothered,
And get to musin' someway;
And mem'ry allus will take me
'Way back to my childhood, then
Once more I'm back at old Jimtown
And hear the old band again.

Mebby you ain't never heard 'em—
Never heard them old bands play.
I'll admit it wasn't such music
As the kind what's heard today,
And there was no fancy settin's
To help them players; but then,
If ever you've heard that music
You're hanker'n' to hear it again.

You may talk about the op'ra
And the music what's heard there,
With its brilliant lights a-glowin'
And a-sparklin' ever'where—
'Bout musicians of distinction
What's a-playin' there; but then,
I'd just like to be at Jimtown
And hear the old band again.

I ain't knockin' on your airdome
Or the modern nickelo,
And at times, when folks is gloomy,
It's a first-rate place to go;
I can listen to their music
Just to pass the time away,
But 'tain't like it was at Jintown
When you'd hear the old band play.

'Twas the best thing in creation
For to help a fellar when
The world was lookin' gloomy,
For 'twould light it up again.
The world's got cares by millions—
Burdens what's heavy; but say!
None of 'em bothered a fellar
When he heard the old band play.

The old band's playin' is ended—
Old Time has swept it away—
And youngsters what heard that music
Are now tuckered out, and gray;
And yet sometimes when I'm musin',
I listen, it 'pears, until
Again I'm hearin' the music
Of that band what's long been still.

And so, when talkin' o' music,
Or hearin' folks play today,
There allus will come the vision
Of some things what's passed away.
I know there's music what's better,
Places what's finer ; but then,
I'll wish I's back at old Jimtown
To hear the old band again.

OLD TIME SINGIN'.

Now mebbly it's just a notion,
But whenever the paid quoir sings
There's somehow the lonesomest feelin'
It purt-a-nigh allus brings.
My thoughts is away off yonder
While they are singin' away,
For I can't foller their music—
Don't allus know what they say.
No doubt the singin' is better
Than it use to be, but then
When I think o' the old time singin'
I want to hear it again.

The quoir will start out a-singin'
With no announcin' and 'thout
Once tellin' us common folkses
What it is they're singin' about;
And then when they're through and ended,
Whatever it might 'a' been
(Though mebbly you won't believe it)
I don't know even then.
And it makes me feel so lonesome—
Sort o' queerish like, someway,
For I think of other singin'
What ain't like we have today.

I suppose it's what's called music
When their voices sesshay 'round;
One time it's nigh up to heaven,
'Then drops clean down to the ground;
And one will begin a-singin',
'Then stop, while the next lets go.
While I ain't talkin' 'gin music,
Somehow it bothers me so.
The quoir all join in the chorus,
Or it sounds that way to me;
While I ain't nothin' on music,
It comes where the chorus would be.

Then when it comes to the preachin',
I don't hear half what is said,
For I am allus a-thinkin'
'Bout singers I've known what's dead.
The singin' then it was differ'nt
From that o' today—you see
When none thought o' pay for singin'
They'd sing "Salvation is free."
I keep musin' o' old time songs—
Dreamin' and hummin' 'em through,
And again I see the faces
Which mem'ry now brings to view.

While mebbly 'twas no such music
As is the new—yet you see
It 'peared like that old time singin'
Was the kind what suited me.
While I know it wouldn't pass muster
Even at fun'ral's what's fine,
Yet somehow I can't help thinkin'
It's what I'd have sung at mine.
Seems when I'm sort o' downhearted,
Just someway a-feelin' blue,
Then the old to me sounds better
Than them what they say is new.

While they had no fancy fixin's
(Mebby they was sort o' slow),
Yet folks what 'tended them singin's
Didn't view no milliner's show.
While they had no swell director
And the books they had was few,
Yet the preacher did the linin'
And they sung the hymns clean through.
While the seats was not upholstered
And they had no private pews,
The singin' from them there benches
Was the kind 'twould sure enthuse.

"How tedious and tasteless the hour
When Jesus no longer I see"
Is out o' date and old fashioned
But it still sounds good to me.
The organ down there's a monster—
Makes as much noise as a band—
But there was no need o' organs
When they sung "O Beulah Land."
Oh you'd ought to heard 'em singin'
"Come Thou Fount," "O Happy Day,"
"Alas and Did My Savior Bleed,"
Or "We Are Passin' Away."

"Shall We Gather at the River"
Ain't of'en sung any more.
I reco'lect when they sung it
It 'peared we was 'most to the shore;
Then "Tarry with Me Through the Night,"
"Rock of Ages Cleft for Me"—
'Pears like now I hear the singin'—
Then "Nearer My God to Thee."
"On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand"—
They sung it so loud and strong.
I've forgot some o' the singers,
But ain't forgot the old song.

Sometimes, when thinkin' 'bout Heaven,
I wonder if in that land
All the folks will join in the singin'
Or just that one little band.
But then if they start to singin'
These songs what is swell and new,
There's none but the young as can sing 'em.
Then what would the old folks do?
When the folks meet over yonder
And start a-singin' their song
They'll find it's "The Same Old Story"—
The one what we've loved so long.

SHADOWS.

When the shadows are a-fallin'
And I see the fadin' light,
And the day is nearly ended
'Cause it's comin' time for night,
Then I allus wish 'twould linger,
And I oft would bid it stay;
While I know there'll be a morrow,
Yet I'd hold on to today.

When the fadin' light grows dimmer
As the shadows onward creep,
With the zephyrs blowin' gentle
Till at last I'm soothed to sleep,
Then I find in peaceful slumber
All my cares have flown away,
And I waken on the morrow
Greeted by a brighter day.

As old age now creeps upon me
I recall the yester days,
Shrink away from fallin' shadows
While with youth I'd live always;
Tho' I know beyond the shadows
Lies "the golden fringe of day,"
Still I cling to passin' moments
And would bid 'em longer stay.

But at last my body's careworn—
 Feebled by the lengthened years—
And my eyes grown dim by watchin'
 And from fillin' oft with tears.
Now at last my soul is peaceful,
 And my tears are washed away,
As my life drops into slumber,
 Waitin' for eternal day.

'Tho' my days be filled with sunshine
 And my heart be light and gay,
Yet I'll greet the comin' shadows
 At the end of each glad day;
And I'll smile at twilight's fadin'
 As the night's a-comin' on,
'Cause if there was no such night-time
 There could be no mornin's dawn.



"On the old store's sunny side."

TAIL END O' SUMMER.

Some folks talk about the springtime
 When the earth's a-gettin' green
Or the beauty o' the snowdrifts
 What in wintertime they've seen ;
How they feast their eyes in summer
 On the fields o' wavin' grain
As it glistens in the sunshine
 When there's been a shower o' rain.
There's a time I think is better—
 Allus glad to hear its call ;
It's the tail end o' the summer
 And to me the best of all.

Then you don't feel much like workin'—
 Though there's folks what never do ;
Sort o' shelved the work o' summer
 And the seedin' time is through.
Kind o' 'pears like things are linger'n'
 'Fore the huskin' time comes on—
Sort o' sandwiched in between 'em
 Like the hour 'twixt light and dawn.
I don't like the name of autumn
 And don't like to call it fall—
Just the tail end o' the summer,
 And to me the best of all.

When the leaves get sort o' rustly
And they 'gin a-turnin' brown,
When the burs they start to op'nin'
And the nuts a-comin' down,
When the sky's so dull and smoky
That the sun just hazes through,
When the bees are flyin' lazy
(Then I'm sort o' lazy too;
When the blackbirds are a-flockin'
And keep up a constant call,
It's the tail end o' the summer
And to me the best of all.

When you hear the bobwhite whistlin'
And a-callin' to his mates,
When the robin's sort o' restless
As he lingers still and waits
And just 'pears like there is few birds
What's just ready to go 'way
But keep lazyin' 'round and linger'n'
Sort o' like they'd rather stay;
When the geese are flyin' southward
And you 'gin to hear 'em call,
It's the tail end o' the summer
And to me the best of all.

When the grapes what's left are beauties
 And a-tastin' just like wine,
When the apples they need pickin'
 And the pears are soft and fine,
It's a time worth while a-livin'.
 If the melon time is gone
I don't care—it's whole lots better
 With the pumpkin crop just on.
When you stand out doors and listen
 To the blue-bird's goodbye call
It's the tail end o' the summer
 And to me the best of all.

When the mornin's kind o' frosty
 There's a crispness in the air,
When the birds are all a-twitter
 And a-flyin' ever'where,
When the squirrels are a-hustlin'
 In the woodlot by the creek,
Ever'thing a sort o' flutter
 Till one's 'most afraid to speak
While a-settin' there to listen
 To them critters as they call.
It's the tail end o' the summer
 And to me the best of all.

Then you'll see the fellars gather
On the old store's sunny side,
Sometimes slidin' 'long a little—
Driftin' with the sunshine's tide;
(They ain't fit for splittin' kindlin'
Like their wives has got to do,
But they'll set there just a-whittlin'
And cut up a box or two—
Swappin' yarns and plug terbacker,
(Talkin' 'ligion, law and ball.
It's the tail end o' the summer
And to me the best of all.

Kind o' makes a fellar feel like
He just wants to somehow go
'Way out in the old woods somewhere
Like you use to long ago,
And lay out there in the sunshine
What's a-tricklin' through the trees
While the nuts they come a-pepper'n'
'With each whisper o' the breeze.
When you lay out there a-dreamin'
And don't hear the dinner call,
It's the tail end o' the summer
And to me the best of all.

While o' course I like the springtime
 With its sunshine and its rain,
And I like to greet the robin
 When he sings his glad refrain;
While I sort o' like the summer
 (Though there's lots o' work to do),
And old winter with her snow-drifts
 What seem made to shovel through;
Like the pond when it's good skatin';
 Like to hear the coastin' call;
Yet the tail end o' the summer—
 It just somehow beats 'em all.

FOLKS WHAT'S DONE THEIR BEST.

There is folks I sort o' fancy;
I don't care if they ain't good,
For I know they're allus honest
And they've done the best they could.

And I tell you that's a-sayin'
'Bout the best thing for a man
If you keep a-tellin' people
That he does the best he can.

So don't be in no great hurry
Just to kick some fellar down;
P'r'aps his load you couldn't carry—
It's enough without your frown.

Don't you brag about your station
Nor don't tell how high you've stood;
Mebby folks below is better,
'Cause they've done the best they could.

So don't allus be a-faultin',
(Mebby you ain't understood),
For there's folks what's slow and ploddin'
What has done the best they could.

QUIT A-WORRYIN'.

Say, there ain't no use o' worryin'
 'Bout the pail o' milk what's spilt,
Or a-holdin' any conflag
 'Bout what made the bucket tilt.
Like as not the pigs'll get it;
 If they don't, what use to fret?
Better think of other buckets,
 'Stead o' thatun you upset.
You have had a streak o' losin',
 But it may have been the last;
'Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
 Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

You may sometimes get in trouble,
 Mebby not no fault o' yours,
And it seems, when things get started,
 When it sprinkles it just pours.
Just looks sure like all the trouble
 What's around the neighborhood
Comes a-tumblin' down upon you,
 When you've stood 'bout all you could.
But you know spring allus follows
 On the gloom of winter's blast.
Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
 Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

Or perhaps you've been a-tryin'
For to do a little good,
And you've somehow got a heartache
'Cause you've been misunderstood.
But there's others by the millions
Had the same thing happen them,
'Cause there's folks will prize a pebble
And go past a costly gem.
Just keep on a-doin' kindness—
It will come all right at last.
Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

You may some day have a failure
From a business point o' view.
Don't sit down and start a-frettin'—
Try again and put it through.
You don't see your neighbors' troubles
Like the ones what come to you;
He may have more grit to stand 'em,
Or perhaps a brighter view.
Brace up, then, and keep a-tryin';
Rotten luck won't allus last.
Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

If you've had a chance and missed it,
What's the use o' carryin' on?
'Twon't come back for all your cryin',
'Cause the thing's forever gone.

If you seem to be unlucky—
Written on the losin' list—
Better look for chances comin',
'Stead o' mournin' others missed.
If you just keep on a-tryin'
You're 'most sure to win at last;
Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

Mebby it's not over pleasin'
When you view your bygone days.
Don't sit down and start a-grievin',
Look ahead and mend your ways.
You no doubt have of'en stumbled
And ain't allus done your best.
It's no time to quit a-tryin'
'Cause you're some behind the rest.
Say right now you'll do it better—
Go ahead and stand steadfast;
Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

Tain't no earthly use o' worryin'
 'Bout the pail o' milk what's spilt,
Or a-bother'n' all your neighbors
 'Bout the castle you ain't built,
Or a-tellin' 'bout the passin'
 Of the train your chance was on,
Or a-sittin' there a-frettin'
 Till another's come and gone.
Better be a-lookin' forward,
 For the time's a-goin' fast.
Start to thinkin' 'bout the future,
 Quit a-worryin' 'bout the past.

THE OLD TIME SPELLIN'.

While there's lots o' things a-going',
Just a-runnin' night and day,
What will kind o' help a fellar
Sort o' pass the time away,
And some folks will spend their money
Just a-gaddin' 'round and 'round,
And a-talkin' 'bout the pleasure
What I doubt they ever found,
(A-goin' to the op'ra house
Or some movin' picture show),
Yet I like the old time spellin'
Like we had so long ago.

You would see the young folks gather,
And a lot of old ones too,
'Cause it come along in winter
When they'd nothin' else to do;
They'd come afoot or horseback,
Or 'most any way they could.
Nearly ever'body'd be there,—
Leastways all the young folks would.
There was no highflutin' music
And it warnt no fashion show,
Yet I liked the old time spellin'
Like we had so long ago.

Then there comes a flood o' mem'ries
Like sweep o'er us now and then,
And once more in mem'ry's fancy
I will live the past again;
Now again I'm in the schoolroom,
Called there by the master's bell,
Now once more I see the spellers,
And it 'pears I hear 'em spell;
Now I see 'em slowly droppin',—
From the line the beat ones go,
Till alone the winner's standin'—
At that spellin', long ago.

But the spellers now are scattered
And are wrinkled, bent and gray;
They are all long past the springtime,
And it's now their autumn day;
The schoolhouse, too, has vanished,
And the master's long been gone,—
Is a-sleepin' in the churchyard
Till the grand Eternal's dawn.
There is still today some pleasure,
But the young folks never know
The delights we had at spellin's
In the peaceful long ago.

Oh, there's lots o' things a-goin'—
Just a-runnin' night and day,
For to help the modern youngster
Sort o' pass the time away;
Yes, they have a lot o' gewgaws
When they give their Parlor Plays,
And they spend a lot o' money
Chasin' each new fangled craze.
Now, of course, they have things finer
And can make a bigger show,
But I liked the old time spellin'
Like we had so long ago.



"The wooded holler."

PAWPAWS FROM OLD JOHNSON.

You can talk about your banquets
And the sparkle of your wine,
You may tell of fancy flubdubs
In the room whereat you dine—
'Bout the softly flowin' music
What will smooth away your care,
And the many brilliant people
What you're allus meetin' there;
But when hanker'n after somethin'
What's the best thing ever eat,
Get some pawpaws from old Johnson
When they're meller like and sweet.

What today folks say is pawpaws
Ain't the kind we use to see
When folks left 'em just a-hangin'
'Till they'd ripen on the tree.
Some folks 'magine they don't like 'em—
Other things they'd rather eat—
But they've never lived in Johnson
When they're meller like and sweet.
Mebby banquets suit you better
Where there's heaps o' flowin' wine,
But just pawpaws from old Johnson
Is the kind I'll take for mine.

Nowadays we never see 'em;
Seems there ain't none anywhere,
But you saunter down to Johnson
And I'll bet you'll find 'em there.
I can see the wooded holler
Where some beauties use to grow
Close by where the water's flowin'
Just so gentle like and slow,
And can hear the tiny ripple
Makin' music low and sweet;
Yes, there's some things down in Johnson
What the world ain't never beat.

Seems 'at there the grass is greener
And the birds is lots more gay;
While perhaps it's just a fancy
(But to me it 'pears that way),
In the fall is somethin' floatin'—
'Pears to be in ever' breeze;
It's a thing what's born in Johnson
Down among the pawpaw trees.
And when once you whiff that flavor,
'Tis a thing you don't forget
And at times when sort o' musin'
I can purt-nigh smell it yet.

While I know at modern banquets
Folks can make a swell-like show,
Yet the place for real good eatin'
Is down there where pawpaws grow ;
For it 'pears they bring a spirit
What is caught by ever'thing,
And it's most-nigh constant feastin'
What the days o' pawpaws bring.
Yes, down there among the pawpaws
Is the place you ought to eat,
For there's lots o' things in Johnson
What the world ain't never beat.

TELL ME NOW.

Do not come to me bringin' flowers
And puttin' 'em on my grave,
If before Death's angel called me
Just thorns was all that you gave.
The wreath you place on my coffin,
Though the lilies are ever so fair,
Won't smooth no part o' my pathway
When once I'm a-restin' there.
If you have got any roses
To place on my troubled brow,
Just bring 'em while I'm a-livin'—
Let me smell their sweetness now.

Do not come a-singin' praises
'Bout the noble things I've done,
If when my heart was discouraged
You named not a single one.
The praise what you sing tomorrow,
Sing it as loud as you will,
Won't lighten the least o' my burdens
When I'm all silent and still.
If I've done deeds what have helped you
And you've got a word o' cheer,
Don't wait till I'm gone to tell it,
But tell it now while I'm here.

Don't wait till my life is ended
And my weak spirit has fled;
The things what today would cheer me
Ain't needed after I'm dead.
'Twon't make my burdens no lighter
Or pay for a single tear,
'Twon't bring no sunshine to brighten
My pathway what once was drear.
If you have got words o' comfort
What will smooth my careworn brow,
Don't wait till I'm dead 'fore speakin',
But tell me, oh, tell me now!

WHEN THE WHISTLES BLOW.

Did you ever stop to listen,
 'Mid the city's noise and din,
And to wonder at the meanin',
 When the whistles all begin?
While there's lots of other noises,
 And there's music soft and low,
Yet it allus sets me thinkin',
 When the whistles start to blow.

I ain't never been a toiler
 What has worked in cities great,
But when whistles start to blowin',
 I 'most allus stop and wait;
And I wonder what's the meanin'
 That the whistle most imparts
To the many little children—
 To the mothers and sweethearts.

Then the melody is differ'nt
 From the other times o' day.
When the ev'nin' whistle's music
 Reaches mother old and gray,
Then the candle-light what's glowin'
 Through the cottage window pane
Seems to have an extra sparkle,
 Like the sunshine through the rain.

While it's nothin' but a whistle,
And you'd think it 'mounts to naught,
Yet I s'pect it's got a meanin'
What some other ears has caught.
Unto some it's joy and gladness,
And to some, perhaps, it's woe,
If we understood the meanin'
When the whistles start to blow.

Yes, I often stop and listen
'Mid the city's noise and din,
And I wonder if the whistle
Knows the joy it ushers in
To the children, wives and sweethearts,
To the parents old and gray,
To the soul what's weary toilin'
At the endin' o' the day.

And I think I catch the meanin'
What the whistle's sound imparts
To the wives and little children,
To the parents and sweethearts.
To the city's humblest cottage,
To its finest gilded dome,
It's a wireless signal carried,
And they read its message, "Home."

As I travel down life's pathway
And the western sky grows red,
When the ev'nin' shadows gather,
And the sunset's just ahead;
When I hear the signal whistle
Tellin' me to cease to roam,
Will it bring me peace and comfort?
Will I read the message, "Home?"

WHY IS IT?

Ask a boy to hoe the garden
And my-land! but how he squirms!
But he'll dig up 'most an acre
For a small supply o' worms.

Ask a man for half a dollar
And my goodness! how he'll croak!
But he'll spend just lots o' dollars
For a few mouthfuls o' smoke.

SOME THINGS IS FREE.

If at times you get to thinkin'
Other folks has more than you,
It don't get you nary nickel
When you go to feelin' blue.
You may have more ready money
And lots finer things than me,
But there's allus lots o' sunshine,
And the Lord has made that free.

When you go along the highway,
Don't you take no gloomy view.
If there's folks a heap-sight richer
And the land don't b'long to you
Let 'em own the land and fixin's;
There is things for you and me;
Take the perfume from the blossoms—
It's a thing the Lord made free.

It's all right to have your riches,
Mebby right to make a show,
But there's some things, oh my brother,
What just riches will not grow.
Let folks tell of fine art gal'ries
Where they charge to let folks see,
But the Lord He made the sunset
And has give it to us free.

While I know it's sometimes gloomy
If we view the gloomy side,
And it 'pears we're of'en crowded,
Yet He's made the heavens wide.
Just you keep a-gazin' up'ards,
For there's things for you to see,
'Cause there's lots o' things, my brother,
What the Lord has give us free.

HOW CAN YOU KNOW?

These days there is so much o' flubdubs
And so much o' powder and paint
That on meetin' your lovely lady
You wonder 'f she is or ain't.

OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

As a man what sits at ev'nin'
At the bedside of a friend
For to view the placid features
While a-waitin' for the end,
And would see the thread what's holdin'
Keep a-gettin' weak and slim
('Cause the Lord is most-nigh ready
For the soul to come to him),
So tonight I sit a-wonderin'
What the future will unfold
As I see the New Year comin'
And the passin' of the Old.

And there's somethin' kind o' curious
In the way a man will do
As he sees the old things passin'
And the comin' o' the new.
When the shadows are a-fallin'
And the day's a-fadin' fast,
'Stead o' lookin' to the future
We're a-clingin' to the past;
'Stead o' greetin' o' the livin'
And a-lookin' on ahead
We will somehow get to musin'
And a-thinkin' 'bout the dead.

Tho' the year's been full o' sorrow
And the days o' toil and care,
Tho' the sun was oft-times hidden
And the clouds was ever'where,
With the old we somehow linger
And will bid our mem'ry stay,
Shrink away from bright tomorrows,
Clutchin' to a dark today.
For the sorrow somehow binds us
To the things we love and know,
And it's with a sort o' heartache
That I see the Old Year go.

Will the new be joyous sunshine
Or distressed with doubts and fears?
Will it ring with youthful laughter
Or be filled with bitter tears?
Will we see the gatherin' storm-clouds
Or the rainbow's glorious hue?
Will it be all gall and wormwood
Or be filled with honey-dew?
Will it be all gloom and shadow
Or a grand continual dawn?
Will it brighter be or darker
Than the one what's almost gone?

Then a thought is borne from somewhere
And my heart is free o' fear :
'Tis but ours to live the present—
Leave to God the comin' year.
None can tell what things tomorrow
Will befall each waitin' heart ;
'Tis not ours to know the future,
But each day to do our part.
For tomorrow is a-hidin'
In the Future's great unknown,
'Till God's angels lift the curtain
And the passin' hours are shown.

Like to go and see the neighbors—
 There was neighbors then to see!
While your modern folks is clever,
 They ain't like folks use to be.
Then we'd go 'long in the mornin'
 And just stay the livelong day;
And I'd like to be a-livin'
 Where folks visit that-a-way.

I'd just like to go to dinner
 To the kind we use to get—
Better lots than modern folkses
 At fine banquets ever et.
While I s'pose new ways is better,
 And most people think that way,
Yet I'd like to go a-vis'tin'—
 Like to go and stay all day.

WHEN A HAND'S IN YOURN.

Ain't it curious what a differ'nce
In the folks a fellar'll meet,
'Spec'ly when you've drained your cupfull
And the dregs ain't over sweet,
When you've sort o' lost your bearin's,
Are just driftin' round about—
Just to state the case exactly,
You are simply down and out.
Then I like to meet the fellar
What stays with you foul or fair,
Puts his hand in yourn just friendly
And just sort o' leaves it there.

Course there's folks with lots o' splutter
When your star is goin' up,
But they someway kind o' weaken
When you come to drain the cup.
They've got words enough to cheer you
When you're on the winnin' side,
But they never think o' boostin'
When you're up agin the tide.
Then I like to meet the fellar
What stays with you foul or fair,
Puts his hand in yourn just friendly
And just sort o' leaves it there.

Course I s'pose folks ain't just thinkin',
When they see a man adrift;
'They don't know how much he needs it
Or they'd surely give a lift.
But it 'pears they're allus watchin'
What the winnin' man's about,
And they never see the fellar
What is knocked clean down and out.
Then I like to meet the fellar
What stays with you foul or fair,
Puts his hand in yourn just friendly
And just sort o' leaves it there.

He ain't one as does much talkin'
(That is, words, I mean to say),
For he mostly does his talkin'
In a differ'nt sort o' way.
And oh! there's a world o' meanin'
In a handclasp now and then.
If a fellar ever needs it,
It is when he's down—right then.
Then I like to meet the fellar
What stays with you foul or fair,
Puts his hand in yourn just friendly
And just sort o' leaves it there.

While it ain't so much the handshake
And 'tain't nothin' much he'll say,
But it's somethin' (can't explain it)
When that fellar comes your way
What just makes you sort o' feel like
You just want once more to try,
And you see a differ'nt linin'
In the clouds what's driftin' by.
Yes, you ought to meet the fellar
What stays with you foul or fair,
Puts his hand in yourn just friendly
And just sort o' leaves it there.

Makes one feel like there's a heaven
And the world's a brighter place,
When you feel that fellar's handclasp
And just see his smilin' face;
Gives you faith in all o' mankind
When you've had a differ'nt view,
Sort o' gives a rift o' sunshine
Where before 'twas dark and blue;
Yes, I like to meet the fellar
What stays with me foul or fair,
Puts his hand in mine just friendly
And just sort o' leaves it there.

DAWN.

When the sky's a sort o' glimmer'n'
And the dark is fadin' 'way,
When the birds are all a-twitter
For to greet the comin' day,
(Though the night, so long and dreary,
Casts a gloom upon the heart,
Yet, with mornin's light a-comin',
'Pears the gloom will all depart.

As we see the darkness vanish—
Sort o' melt 'way with the dawn—
And the stars a-gettin' dimmer
Till the last o' them is gone,
When the eastern sky is glowin'
With an unseen hidden light,
All our burdens someway vanish—
Sort o' fade 'way with the night.

I don't know just what's about it,
But it's allus that-a-way,
That our burdens all seem lighter
With the comin' of the day.
We've been sad and all discouraged
And our hope was most nigh gone,
But we waken with new efforts,
With the comin' of the dawn.

Though the night be long and dreary—
 Filled at times with doubts and fears—
And our long and weary watchin'
 Brings at times most bitter tears,
Yet our hearts are allus gladdened,
 All our doubts and fears are gone,
As we see God's hand what's paintin'
 The grand beauty of the dawn.

TOMORROW.

What's the use o' so much frettin'
'Cause the time's a-goin' by?
It won't wait for all your worry—
'Tain't no use at all to cry.
S'pose the day ain't all been sunshine,
S'pose on you its gloom has stretched,—
There's a whole day of tomorrow
What ain't never yet been teched.

What if time to you is lonesome—
Ain't no friend to cheer your way?
Mebby you'll meet lots tomorrow
And 'twill be a brighter day.
What if friends it seems have left you?—
'Tain't no use o' feelin' blue;
(There's a whole day of tomorrow,
See then if your friends ain't true.

What if life seems 'most a failure
When you've done the best you could?
What if friends have spurned your friendship
'Cause they ain't just understood?
What if gloom be all about you
And it seems the sun won't shine?
(There's a whole day of tomorrow—
Mebby it will just be fine.

When your life is 'most nigh ended
And your race is nearly run,
'Tain't no 'use to sit lamentin'
Over things you ain't got done.
Go to sleep upon God's promise,
When the curtain's gently stretched,
There's a whole day what's eternal
What ain't never yet been teched.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

The sweetest singer's sweetest song
Is not the one what thrills the throng,
For the song what brings the heavens nigh
Is my mother's old-time lullaby.

THERE'S FOLKS WORSE OFF.

When you get to kind o' thinkin'
That the world's abusin' you,
And it 'pears there's allus somethin'
'Gin the things you try to do,
Don't you go and get discouraged,
'Cause it ain't no use to pout;
Just you boost some other fellar
What is knocked clean down and out.

S'pose it ain't all easy sailin'
And some storms do come your way;
'Cause a storm is ragin' 'bout you
Ain't no sign 'twill allus stay;
'Then the best way to bring sunshine
And to put the clouds to rout
Is to boost some other fellar
What is knocked clean down and out.

'Tain't no use a-gettin' sulky
Or a-pullin' back—why, say,
Folks will think you've found your level
And will simply let you stay.
When you think the world's agin you,
Just you show what you can do—
Sort o' boost some other fellar
What you find worse off than you.

Say, you'll find it kind o' funny
 'Bout the way 'twill act on you
If you boost some other fellar
 At a time you're feelin' blue;
'Cause you'll find when you start boostin'—
 Try to help some fellar through—
'Pears 'at just somehow or other
 'There is somethin' boostin' you.

Yes, when folks it 'pears are 'gin you
 (Least they sort o' act that way),
Allus 'pear to be a-knockin',
 Never throw a nice bouquet,
If you've done your best, my brother,
 And ain't nothin' else to do,
Just you boost some other fellar—
 'Cause there's some worse off than you.

SOME DAY WE WILL UNDERSTAND.

We know not why misfortune comes,
Why storms should sweep o'er sea and land
And leave despair and sorrowed homes—
These things we cannot understand.

We know not why dark sorrow comes
To smite ofttimes the purest hand,
While base ones have God's smilin' grace,—
But someday we will understand.

We know not why pure babes are called,
Their feet to press that upper strand,
While villains oft are left on earth,—
But someday we will understand.

We know not why some bright life goes,
In springtime slain by death's cold hand,
While age ofttimes is left behind,—
But someday we will understand.

It is not ours to know the why
Nor see ofttimes the hidden hand
What leads us on to higher things;
It is not ours to understand.

When tossed about, we oft forget
O'er all is still God's guidin' hand;
We oft forget when sore distressed
To trust in one that understands.

Someday the clouds will drift apart,
Someday we'll join the ransomed band;
Someday "we'll know as we are known,"—
Yes, someday we will understand.

The storms may sweep, the billows roll,
And hide from us the golden strand,
Till God shall call our spirit home;
Yes, then—then we will understand.

THERE'S A TURN SOMEWHERE.

There's a turn in the road somewhere—

Keep on.

On reachin' some dark lonesome spot,
When falter'n' whe'er to do or not,
Just show the kind o' faith you've got—

Keep on.

When all about the shadows lurk,

Keep on.

If the path is shadowy, rough and steep,
Hard for your falter'n' feet to keep,
Somewhere ahead the sunbeams peep—

Keep on.

If fate it 'pears ain't favored you,

Keep on.

Though some may laugh and jeer and jest,
Mebby the path you're in is best
For helpin' some soul what's distressed—

Keep on.

If failure comes when strugglin' hard,

Keep on.

Your failures mebbly ain't as bad
As is success some folks has had;
Some folks with your luck would be glad—

Keep on.

If storms are sweepin' 'round you now,

Keep on.

It ain't no time to stop and sigh;

Wait till the clouds have floated by;

Somewhere ahead it's all blue sky—

Keep on.

Friend, when it 'pears the worst has come,

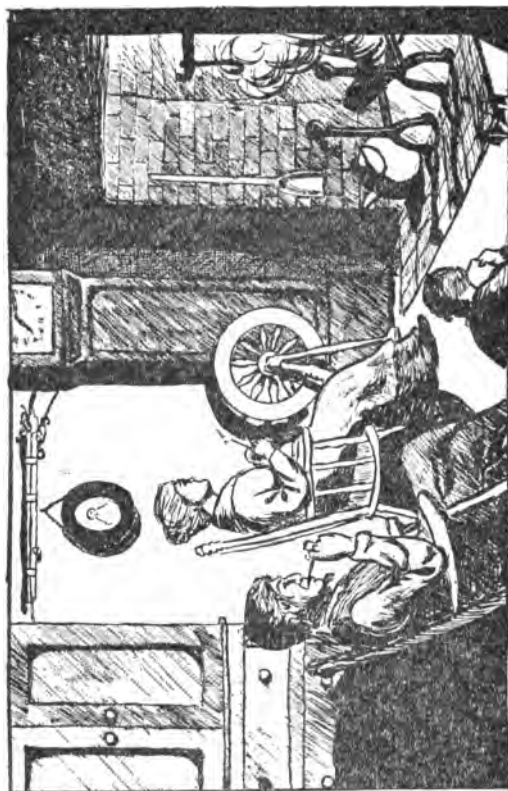
Keep on.

If the path is dark and of pleasures bare,

With nothin' in sight but toil and care,

There's surely a turn in the road somewhere—

Keep on.



"'Mong the things of long ago."

THE THINGS OF LONG AGO.

'Way back yonder 'mong the cobwebs,
In a place the sun don't fall,
Where the mold is on the ceilin'
And a-clingin' to the wall,
Where the door creaks on its hinges—
In a dingy attic room
(And there wasn't no companions
But the cobwebs and the gloom)—
It was there one day I wandered;
Why I went there I don't know.
In a place like that I found 'em—
Found the things of long ago.

There's a curious sort o' feelin'
Runs clean through a body when,
Havin' stumbled on some trinkets,
They recall the days what's been.
Mebby it is just a plaything,
Or a copper-toed old shoe,
Mebby it's an old time album,
With the folks your folks all knew.
They are things I'd thought forgotten,
And I wonder why it's so—
That I have that curious feelin'
'Mong the things of long ago.

All my thoughts somehow drift backward
 In a dreamy sort o' way
As I view the things discarded
 For the fine ones of today.
All at once I'm livin' wholly
 In a day what's long been gone,
And the room is filled with sunshine
 Where before 'twas most forlorn.
Tho' the things are old and faded,
 Somehow they've a differ'nt glow
When again you start to livin'
 In the days of long ago.

Once again I'm just a youngster
 Back at the old home; and then
All the faces in the album
 Softly speak to me again.
And I hear the laughin' children,
 And the hum o' buzzin' bees,
Just as plain as when a youngster
 And we played beneath the trees;
And I hear the bob-whites whistlin',
 While the doves are cooin' low,
As my mem'ry takes me backward
 To the days of long ago.

With my eyes shut sort o' gentle,
All the past comes more to view ;
Now again old things have taken
Back their places from the new,
And the things we thought old fashioned,
Honest things we threw away,
Somehow seem a heap-sight better
Than the ones we use today.
But alas ! my dream is broken
By some one who calls me ; so,
I must turn away with sadness
From the things of long ago.

No doubt newer things are better—
They're the things for folks today ;
But I somehow can't help thinkin'
That I'd have the old things stay.
But old Time lets no one linger—
Youth must take the place of age ;
In the book of life's hard journey
We must turn each finished page.
I suppose the world needs progress,
For the folks all says it's so ;
But somehow my heart keeps sobbin'
For the things of long ago.

DEATH.

Death! I wonder what's about it
That we all should fear it so,
For the best folks what's a-livin'
Kind o' dread it, don't you know—
Just the crossin' of the ocean,
And it's not so awful wide,
And the folks I've seen a-crossin'
Sort o' drifted with the tide.

We'll foretell about the beauty
Of the glorious other side,
But it seems we ain't just ready
For the driftin' with the tide.
We will fight agin the current,
Tho' the sea looks calm and fair;
We keep clingin' to the anchor,
Yet we'd like it over there.

Now the pilot's old and trusty,
Knows each spot down in the deep,
Knows just when to seek the current
And when right straight on to keep.
Yet when shadows are a-fallin'
And the pilot points the way,
We will somehow shrink from startin'.
Yet why should we want to stay?

We may be in awful mis-ry
And say how we'd like to go,
But we wouldn't start the journey
If there wasn't one to row.
Mebby we are sick and helpless—
Heartache's 'bout all what we know,
Yet we'll put off time o' startin',
Somehow dreadin' for to go.

Tho' most all our friends are over
And we live almost alone,
We will cling to what's a-holdin'
Until in the tide we're thrown.
We won't let go o' the anchor,
Yet we're anxious for to go;
We'll put off the day o' startin'—
And I wonder why it's so.

If somehow we could look closer,
Let faith take the place o' fear,
(Think about the bright shore yonder,
It would not seem far from here.
For it ain't a great big voyage
Just to go to t'other side;
Yet we somehow dread the startin',
And the gulf it 'pears so wide.

Sometimes when we think o' goin'
 We could wish the time more near,
Yet we someway dread the startin'
 When we find it's most-nigh here.
'Tain't that you're afraid o' heaven,
 Or ain't wantin' for to go—
It's because you dread the startin',
 And you can't tell why it's so.

Most folks tell me death ain't nothin',
 But to me it don't seem so,
For when time for crossin's comin'
 We ain't just prepared to go.
There is somethin' 'bout the crossin'—
 Somethin' 'bout death we don't know—
For we all do dread the startin',
 But we can't tell why it's so.

IT'S UP TO YOU.

When the world's a-goin' crooked,
Or it looks that way to you—
Somehow seems to be a tangle
To 'most ever'thing you do;
When you start out of a mornin'
With your luck a-runnin' wrong,
Then the birds along your pathway
Have a harshness in their song,
And the grass though soft as velvet,
You will sort o' stumble through.
Sich times, if you want things better,
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

There is days you start out workin'
And no differ'nce what you do,
You are sure to get it tangled,
But I 'low it's mostly you.
When you try to get things straighter
And they keep a-gettin' worse,
If you can't undo the tangle,
What's the use to fret and curse?
For if you will stop and reason
(Though I'll warrant things look blue),
You'll confess it's you needs changin'.
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

If it rains when you want sunshine
And it's dry when you want rain,
Mebby what we get is needed
For some field o' growin' grain;
If it's dark when you want sunshine
And aglow when you want gloom,
That's the way the Lord has made it—
What's the use to fret and fume?
While we're in this land o' mortals
We've just got to fight it through,
And if you want things more cheerful,
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

When you think your friends have left you,
And you worry hour by hour,
Mebby all what makes the trouble
Is because you're some'at sour.
When another gets the roses
And the thorns is left for you,
Mebby friends has got discouraged
'Cause your thanks is overdue.
Mebby others need the posies—
Leastways that's the better view.
If you want bouquets thrown your way,
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

'Tain't hard goin' with the current,
Or a-workin' your own way,
But when things somehow get tangled,
Then it takes a man who'll stay.
'Tain't hard smilin' with the sunshine,
But it's durin' stormy spells,
When our weary feet are slippin'
That the stuff what's in us tells.
No,—you won't have flowers allus
In the paths you travel through;
Still, if you would have things better,
Friend, it's mostly up to you.

THE WORLD'S GOT LOTS O' SUNSHINE.

Oh the world's got lots o' shadows,
But there's lots o' sunshine too,
And at times when clouds are hangin'
There is spots where light comes through.
While our day must have its night time,
Yet there's land where all is bright,
And the darkest night 'twas ever
Melts away with mornin's light.

While I know there's lots o' heartaches,
Yet there's allus some glad song,
And the time for folks to sing it
Is a time when things seem wrong.
While I know there's lots o' teardrops,
Yet there's lots o' sunny smiles
And a lot o' cheer in thinkin'
Of the joy of afterwhiles.

While I know there's lots o' sorrow,
Yes, and lots o' pain and care,
And admittin', when discouraged,
(That there's sadness ever'where;
(Though our pack is of'en heavy
And our hearts oft torn with grief,
Yet there's promised joy eternal,
While on earth our woe is brief.

While I know there's lots o' storm-clouds
O'er the land we travel through,
Yet there's lots depends, I've noticed,
On a fellar's point o' view :
If you're lookin' for the shadows,
Why, it's shadows what you'll see,
But be lookin' for the sunshine
Then it's sunshine what 'twill be.

Yes, the world's got lots o' sunshine
If we'll only hunt it out,
And at times when clouds are hangin'
Let hope take the place o' doubt.
Though our pack is of'en heavy
And our pleasures few at best,
Just keep on a-strivin', Brother,
Till the Lord shall whisper, "Rest."

WHAT LIES BEYOND.

Beyond the stars in Heaven's deep,
Beyond, where sunbeams never creep,
Beyond this realm of toil and care,
I oftentimes wonder what's out there.

If I could travel on and on
Where thought of man has never gone,
Beyond bright hope or dark despair!—
I oftentimes wonder what's out there.

If I could go where time's unknown—
Transcend this sphere to Heaven's own—
Yes, on and on through space untold—
What visions would my eyes behold!

Folks say beyond, in Heaven's deep,
God's angels constant vigil keep;
That if I'd travel on and on,
Still far beyond God's love has gone.

Yet, gazin' up in Heaven's sea,
The thought oftentimes will come to me,
What lies beyond the heavens fair?
Someway I wonder what's out there.

EACH LIFE HAS ITS BURDEN.

Each life has got lots o' burdens,
 Yes, lots o' worry and care,
And it 'pears there ain't no pathway
 But what there is burdens there.
{There is times it's easy sailin',
 And life's sea looks calm and fair,
But someday the storm will strike us,
 Yet we know not when nor where.

Our youth mebbys filled with sunshine,
 And out heart is light and gay,
But someday the clouds will gather—
 Someday they'll darken our way.
Someday the tempest will strike us,
 Someday we'll hear its wild call.
Yes, somewhere along life's pathway
 Sorrow is waitin' us all.

With some it 'pears it's all sunshine,
 With some sorrow's ever'where;
But each, I'm told, has his pleasures,
 And each his worry and care.
Each soul must bear its burden—
 Sometimes with few to befriend;
Yes, each must travel the journey—
 Strive on till reachin' the end.



"The Failure."

THE FAILURE.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
Placed alongside lots o' men,
And the things what I've accomplished
Ain't just what they'd oughter been.
Folks must think I'm slow and shiftless,
That I don't amount to much,
For there's never no successes
To the biznesses I touch.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
For my bank account ain't big,
And while others are a-trav'lin'
I must stay at home and dig.
I have spent my years a-toilin'
And old age is on me now,
Yet today there ain't no laurels
What's a-restin' on my brow.

Yes, I reckon' I'm a failure,
From the standpoint of the rich,
And they look on me in pity
As I'm toilin' in the ditch;
And my daughters ain't a-dressin'
Near as fine as some I know,
And there's lots o' pleasant places
Where they can't afford to go.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
From the point o' winnin' fame,
'Cause I's allus slow and ploddin'—
Ain't no handles on my name.
I'm not called on much for speakin'
And few care 'bout things I've said
And 'fore long I'll be a-sleepin'
'Mong the countless unknown dead.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
As for all the world can see,
But there's still a little circle
What's got lots o' faith in me.
Ain't no stylish club what wants me,
And such places I ain't been,
But there's just a few would place me
'Mongst the finest of the men.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
From the point o' massin' wealth,
But I've kept my home in plenty,
And we're all enjoyin' health.
We ain't allus ready money,
And we can't afford to roam,
Yet we get a lot o' pleasure
Just a-toilin' here at home.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
Or the world would have it so,
For the way it counts successes,
Mine's been very few, I know.
While no doubt there's lots o' pleasure
When your star is goin' up,
Yet it 'pears the toil put sweetness
In the bottom of my cup.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
Or it's what most people say;
'Pears I ain't got much accomplished,
And I'm gettin' old and gray;
Never held no public office,
Never done no famous deed,
Yet I've got my little fam'ly,
And I've kept 'em out o' need.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
For I never kept in touch
With the things what makes men famous,
And so don't amount to much.
Yet I've kept my home in plenty—
(Though it's been a ceaseless strife—
And I see when lookin' backward
Lots o' happiness in life.

Yes, I reckon I'm a failure,
As for all the world can see,
And just sort o' slow and shiftless
Is the way they've listed me.
Mebby some what like it better
When they've money for to roam,
But I get a lot o' pleasure
Just a-toilin' for my home.

Yes, I'm listed as a failure,
And I'm listed right, I guess,
'Cause the things I've undertaken
Have been failures more or less;
Yet if I was startin' over—
Had a life to live again—
Dunno as I'd have it differ'nt
From just what my life has been.

BOYS WHAT'S IN THE WAY.

Ain't nothin' much some boys can do,
No place much where they can stay
'Thout the grown folks is a-grumblin'
'Bout 'em bein' in the way.
They don't want 'em in the parlor
Or to romp along the hall,
And kids' hands will sure tech somethin'
If they stand along the wall.

Course their feet are rather clumsy
And they make just lots o' noise,
And then rugs ain't made to step on—
Or it seems that way to boys.
They just seem to be a nuisance,
And they hear it ever' day,
'Cause their folks is allus grumblin'
'Bout 'em bein' in the way.

But remember there is someplace
Where a boy can allus stay,
And remember there is someone
What don't think him in the way.
If your house is most too tidy
For your boy to come and stay,
He will hunt some other corner
Where he ain't in someone's way.

Ain't you ever caught the i-dee
That a boy must stay somewhere?
If the place ain't 'round your fireside,
In the street he'll find it there.
There is places what's a-callin'
For your noisy boy today,
And they're almost sure to get him
If you find him in the way.

Someday you will spurn the nothin's
What adorns your fancy room,
For the gild will lose its glitter
And will cast a sort o' gloom.
You would give it all and freely,
As alone you sit and wait,
For one hour o' that boy's racket
When alas! it is too late!

If you want to save the heartaches
And not pay too dear a price,
If you want to make him manly,
And immune from sin and vice,
Don't you have such fancy fixin's
That your boy can't come and stay—
Don't forever be a-grumblin'
'Bout him bein' in the way.

WE HAVE BUT TODAY.

I suppose it's sort o' human
For folks to act that-a-way—
To put off until tomorrow
What ought to be done today—
Just kind o' wastin' the present;
And yet we mean to be good,
But keep forever a-sayin'
Someday we'll do as we should.

Sometime we'll conquer bad habits,
Someday we'll put 'em away,
While somethin' just keeps a-sayin'
It ought to be done today.
Sometime we will do the kindness
What will smooth some careworn brow;
We'll speak a kind word tomorrow,
But somethin' keeps whisperin' "Now."

Sometime, someday, we keep sayin',
As day after day goes by;
We loiter away life's springtime
Till age with its cares is nigh;
Words what today should be spoken!
Deeds what today should be done!
Tomorrow we'll fight the battle,
When today it should be won.

Thus ever we keep on sayin'
From youth till we bear old age,
A-waitin' until tomorrow
For to write our brightest page,
Till Death's cold hand is upon us;
Then, when we ask for delay,
He silently draws the curtain
And whispers the word—"Today."

My brother, the past has left you,
The future is yet unknown;
The present is all that's given,
'Tis all we can call our own.
It ain't no use to be tellin'
'Bout what you will do someday;
God holds the past, and the future
Has given you just—today.

DON'T FORGET TO OIL THE WHEELS.

When you see a fancy carriage
Come a-racin' down the street,
Hear the dazzlin' wheels a-hummin'
And the horses' clatter'n' feet,
And the folks what's ridin' in it
Act as if they own the earth,
And there wer'n't a sorrow in it—
Don't you hanker for their mirth?

Kind o' fills your soul with envy
As you watch them fellars go,
And you're kind o' 'shamed o' Dobbin,
'Cause he jogs along so slow,
And you think the world ain't equal;
{There's a rankle in your heart,
'Cause the folks what went a-past you,
'Pears like had the finest start.

But you keep a-joggin' onward
In a steady slow-like pace,
And you mebbly pass the fellars
What you thought had won the race.
They have mebbly sealed their *own* fate—
It's a little thing what seals.
In the hurry of the startin'
They forgot to oil the wheels!

When you strike the world o' bizness
Where it's jostle, crowd and press,
And you've got to keep a-movin'
If you ever win success;
When the crowd is rushin' past you
And it 'pears that you are gone,
Don't give up just yet, my brother.
Oil the wheels—keep joggin' on.

It don't matter what's your station:
If you want the most o' life,
If you long for joy and pleasure,
Or the bizness world o' strife,
If you want to be a winner—
Feel the joy a winner feels—
Just remember this, my brother—
You have got to oil the wheels.

PLAY BALL.

Ain't you heard upon the diamond,

“Play ball”?

When some fellar 'gins to balk

And starts in a jawin' talk

While the others stand and gawk,

Play ball.

When the umpire's rulin' wrong,

Play ball.

It don't help a single mite

When you stop and want to fight;

Play like vict'ry was in sight—

Play ball!

All the world's a diamond, brother—

Play ball.

World ain't carin' 'bout your kicks;

Knockers ain't the ones it picks,

But the man what plays and sticks.

Play ball.

If another's in the limelight,

Play ball.

S'pose your knocked clean out o' line?

'Tain't no use to stop and whine;

Tell the world the game is fine—

Play ball!

When it 'pears none see your efforts,
Play ball.

'Tain't all players what's a star,
And on tryin' there's no bar;
Keep things movin' where you are—
Play ball.

If the nine don't 'pear to need you,
Play ball.

'Tain't no use to sit and pout.
Join the rooters and then shout;
Help the other players out—
Play ball!

If you're winnin' or a-losin',
Play ball.

S'pose you fail to win a name?
Keep a-tryin' just the same;
Allus die a-fightin' game—
Play ball.

When misfortune keeps a-comin',
Play ball.

Never stop because o' pride.
Do your best agin the tide;
Act like luck was on your side—
Play ball!

'Tain't no use to be a knocker.

Play ball.

Never mind what some have said,

Just try boostin' now instead.

Play as if you're still ahead—

Play ball.

If you're left and 'most forgotten,

Play ball.

Some good players don't win fame;

'Tain't all winnin' of a name;

Show the world you're in the game—

Play ball.

WHERE LIGHT AND SHADOWS BLEND.

There's a time what's 'bout as pleasin'
As a common fellar'll meet—
Time what's somehow sort o' soothin'
And sure restful just to greet;
It's when day is just beginnin'
Or has 'most come to an end.
'Pears the Lord's put all the beauty
Where the light and shadows blend.

In the mornin' when the sunbeams
'Gin to bring their gift o' light
To a world just waked from slumber
And the darkness o' the night,
And the stars are gettin' dimmer
As they slowly fade away,
And the sky's a-bulge with beauty
For to greet the comin' day;

In the ev'nin' when the sunset
Greets our beauty lovin' eyes
And the stars they 'gin a-comin'
With a flicker o' surprise,
And the grass it sort o' brightens
As it drinks the ev'nin' dew,
And it 'pears someway the stillness
Is a-talkin', like, to you;

{Then it is—if morn or ev'nin'—
 When the sky's a reddish gray,
And you'd hardly call it nighttime,
 And it ain't just what's called day,
But it's when one's just beginnin'
 And the other's 'bout to end,
That the Lord put all the beauty
 Where the light and shadows blend.



Lonesome.

WHEN YOUR MA HAS GONE AWAY.

Ain't it queer how a chap what's grown
Will feel when his ma's away?
Ain't nothin' just to his likin',
No place where he likes to stay.
Mebby things then ain't no differ'nt
Than they are when she is there,
But you know, it seems that someway
There's somethin' somehow ain't there.
'Pears 'at ever'thin' 'round is stiller
And 'at nothin' ain't near as gay,
But act just like they was lonesome
'Cause your ma has gone away.

Call it lonesome, but that don't spell it,
Don't tell enough, for, you see,
There's somethin' (I can't explain it)
Comes a-creepin' over me.
You feel it some in the sunshine,
But oh! when comin' on night!—
Seems just like your faith's been fadin'—
Sort o' went out with the light.
While I am no longer a youngster,
And you'd think I wouldn't—but say!
There's times when I have that feelin'
Like when my ma was away.

Yes, times when I have that feelin',
 Though I'm wrinkled now and gray;
There is times I feel so lonesome
 'Cause somethin' took her away.
And I watch from morn till noontime,
 From noon till far into night
And on through the night till mornin'
 Hopin' she'll come with the light.
And oft when alone at nighttime
 I watch and listen, until
It 'pears I 'most hear the music
 Of a voice what's long been still.

And there's times it 'pears like nighttime
 Though it's only the noon o' day,
For there's shadows what keep a-crowdin'—
 Seems I can't quite drive 'em away.
Sometimes in the gloom and darkness,
 Just beyond where I can see,
It 'pears 'at someway there's someone
 What's longin' to speak to me.
But I grope on through the darkness,
 A-wishin' for break o' day,
For my heart is sad and lonesome,
 'Cause my ma she's gone away.

HAVE A PURPOSE.

When you start across life's ocean,
 Don't go driftin' with the tide;
Pick a star out yonder someplace—
 Let it be your constant guide.
Allus have a settled *i-dee*
 Of the thing you want to do,
'Cause you're sure to wake up stranded
 If you've nothin' much in view.

Don't drift 'round just sort o' aimless—
 'Keep your eye upon your goal;
It's the ship what's lost it's bearin's
 What is wrecked upon the shoal.
Just pick out a spot for landin',
 Then go sailin' straight on through;
Don't you mind no side attractions—
 Keep your landin' spot in view.

'Less in life you have a purpose,
 You are sure some day to find
All the better places taken
 While you're makin' up your mind;
And it's straight-on steady sailin'
 What will put that purpose through;
But you're sure to wake up stranded
 If you've nothin' much in view.

FUTURE GIVIN' AIN'T MUCH HELP.

What's the use to be a-tellin'

What you'll do in days to come—

How some day you'll help the needy

With a grand and princely sum?

All this talk o' future givin'

Ain't much help; but well now, say,

There's a lot o' help, my brother,

In the gift you give today.

You expect to do a kindness

What will help some heart to cheer—

Help to drive away the shadows

From some life o'ercome with fear.

It's all right to be a-plannin'

For the future that-a-way,

But the thing what counts, my brother,

Is the deed you done today.

You intend some day to whisper

To some poor discouraged soul—

Try to give his sad heart courage

To keep strivin' for the goal.

Ain't much help to souls discouraged

In the talk you'll give some day,

But there's souls a-hunger'n', brother,

For a word from you today.

WHEN I WAKE UP SKEERED AT NIGHT.

I use to when I was little
Wake up in the night-time skeered;
(There wasn't nothin' to be skeered of,
But someway I was just feared,
Till mother was there beside me—
Then she took way all the skeer
When she'd say, just sort o' low like,
"Go to sleep, child, mother's here."

Someway ever'thing looks bigger,
Leastways all the bad things do;
It's that-a-way with me and brother—
Now ain't it that-a-way with you?
Other folks say that I'm foolish,
'Tain't no use at all to skeer,
But mother'd say sort o' low like,
"Go to sleep, child, mother's here."

I don't know why 'at most youngsters
Will just feel that sort o' way,
Be so awful skeered o' night-time
When they ain't at all in the day,
But I know someway it leaves you,
And there ain't no more o' fear,
When mother says sort o' low like,
"Go to sleep, child, mother's here."

All the noises they sound differ'nt
In the dark from when it's light,
And you see the strangest goblins
When you wake up skeered at night;
But the goblins they all vanish—
Fly away just like the skeer—
When mother says, sort o' low like,
"Go to sleep, child, mother's here."

Goblins they don't never linger
And don't perch upon your bed
When mother is there beside you
With her hand upon your head.
I don't care for dark nor nothin',
But feel just like it was light
If mother is there beside me
When I wake up in the night.

When death's night overtakes me
And I see the fadin' light,
Then I'll shrink away in terror,
'Cause I am so skeered at night;
But when day is most-nigh ended
It will take 'way all the fear
If I hear some one say, low like,
"Go to sleep, child, mother's here."

RAGTIME.

It's all right if folks has culture—
Like to see 'em act that way;
'Pears the world's more kind o' steady
When you're 'round where fine folks stay.
I suppose you'll think I'm giddy
(Mebby sounds that way to you),
But I like a little ragtime
When I'm sort o' feelin' blue.

You may think it sort o' trashy;
Mebby 'tain't the proper thing,
And the songs what is more classic
Is the songs folks ought to sing.
Still I've of'en someway noticed
When I'm sort o' out o' line,
Just you start a little ragtime
And I'm just a-feelin' fine.

Sort o' 'pears there's somethin' 'bout it
(What it is I can't just say)
Seems to make things look lots brighter—
Kind o' drives the cares away.
And I'll bet at times you've noticed
That it acts that way on you,
If folks start a-singin' ragtime
When you're sort o' feelin' blue.

You may say it should be banished,
We should be more dignified,
Train our thoughts to shun such nonsense
And with higher things abide.
Mebby 'tain't the kind o' music
What will teach folks proper art,
Yet I like to hear some ragtime
When I'm sort o' out o' heart.

While I like to see folks serious
And not act too light and gay
('Pears to make this life worth livin'
When you're 'round where good folks stay),
Still it 'pears I just can't help it—
Mebby 'tain't that way with you—
But I like to hear some ragtime
When I'm sort o' feelin' blue.

AIN'T YOU THANKFUL JUST TO LIVE?

When you waken in the mornin'
And the sunlight's bringin' day,
And you hear the robin's chirpin'
And the chatter of the jay;
When a blend o' gold and purple
Comes across the eastern sky,
And the grass is all a-sparkle
Where the diamonds thickly lie,
While the breeze so soft and meller
Somehow sort o' 'pears to give
A benign and peaceful feelin'—
Ain't you thankful just to live?

In the springtime when you wander
Down among the orchard trees,
Where the peach and apple blossoms
Waft their perfume on the breeze;
When the warm sun makes you lazy
As you gaze up in the sky—
Buildin' lots o' fairy castles
In the clouds what's floatin' by;
When the things around's so peaceful
That to you they somehow give
A serene and peaceful feelin'—
Ain't you thankful just to live?

In the summer when you're restin',
While the hot sun's beatin' down;
When you've slipped from noise and hustle
And the turmoil of the town—
Left your plow and horses restin'
At the heat-time of the day,
And to woodland's shady bowers
Have enticed yourself away;
When among the trees and silence,
Don't they somehow 'pear to give,
A benign and peaceful feelin'?
Ain't you thankful just to live?

In the fall-time when you wander
(Though there's work you'd oughter do)—
Wander 'long the old crick bottom
And just bum the whole day through;
When, away from lofty buildin's,
You have thrown aside your care
And just drink in Nature's sweetness
From her sunshine, sky and air,
While the ripple of the water
Somehow sort o' 'pears to give
A serene and peaceful feelin'—
Ain't you thankful just to live?

Ain't there times *now* in the twilight,
When the world is sort o' still,
That it kind o' takes you backward
Where you hear the whip-poor-will?
Don't your mem'ry paint a picture
Back o' years you've traveled through?
Don't you live again back yonder
'Mong the scenes your childhood knew?
Don't the musin' sort o' rest you—
Don't it somehow 'pear to give
Just a calm and peaceful feelin'?
Ain't you thankful just to live?

AIN'T TODAY JUST FINE?

We are apt to get discouraged
If our road's been sort o' rough—
If we've been a-havin' failures
'Cause our luck has all been tough—
And we're natcherly some grouchy
If our sun don't allus shine,
But hold up awhile and notice—
Ain't today just nice and fine?

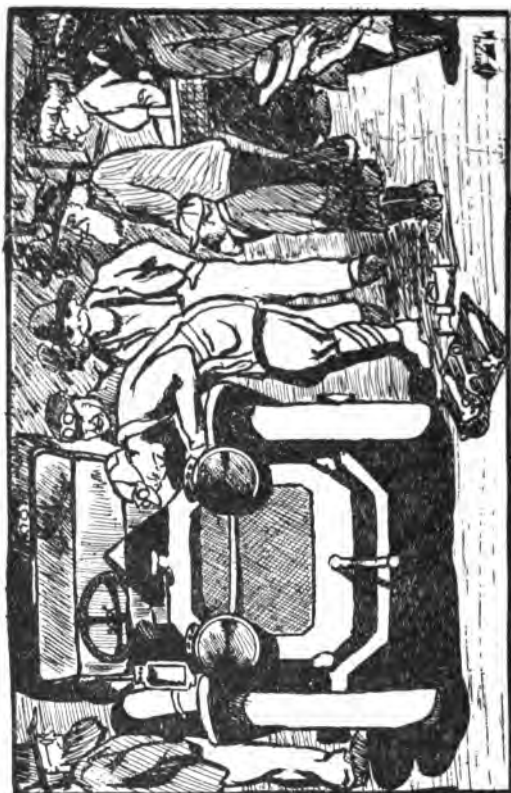
Don't you grieve yourself 'cause fortune
Ain't come 'round to kiss your brow.
Can't do nothin' with past sorrows—
Pluck the pleasures growin' now.
When things go a little crossways
And you're knocked clean out o' line,
Just you stop awhile and notice—
Ain't today just nice and fine?

If it rained a lot last summer
Or the year was most too dry,
If your crops was 'most a failure
It's too late to start and cry.
S'pose the winter was some gloomy
And the sun refused to shine;
Stop awhile and take some notice—
Ain't today just nice and fine?

Mebby we have had misfortune,
Mebby things ain't went our way;
Last week it was all a-tangle—
But look what it is today!
Ain't no use to keep a-grievin'
'Bout the days the sun don't shine;
Just you stop awhile and notice—
Ain't today just nice and fine?

Course I don't know what's your troubles,
Or the trials you've had, but then,
Likely if you stop and study,
'Tain't as bad as might 'a' been.
When the trouble's all blowed over,
Then you'd better laugh than whine,
'Cause if you will stop and notice—
Ain't today just nice and fine?

We ain't livin' 'way back yonder
In them days a month ago,
But it's how to use the present
Is the thing you want to know.
Ain't no doubt the past was gloomy
(As for trouble, I've had mine),
But let's stop awhile and notice—
Ain't today just nice and fine?



"If folks weren't standin' 'bout you."

SPARK PLUGS MISSIN' FIRE.

You can stand a lot o' knockin'
And just take a lot o' sass,
You may let folks do their talkin'
And just think o' soundin' brass;
You may take advice from many
And not say a single word,—
You may stand their ceaseless racket
And let on you never heard;
You may have just lots o' patience,
But a thing to raise your ire
Is when twenty miles from nowhere
The spark plugs start missin' fire.

Now a horse can act *contrary*
And sometimes won't pull the load;
You can do a lot o' coaxin',
But you stay there in the road;
You get out and fix the harness,
Or at least pretend you do—
Sort o' loosen up the collar
And pull up a strap or two.
You can bet it's aggravatin',
But the thing to raise your ire
Is when twenty miles from nowhere
The spark plugs start missin' fire.

It may make you sort o' fussy
When you come a lively rate,
Rush up to the ticket window,
Find the train is two hours late,
Or you come a sort o' racin'
For to catch the final car—
See it 'bout two blocks a-leavin'.
But 'tain't near as bad by far
As some things what I've seen happen,
Nor 'twon't ruffle up your ire
Like when twenty miles from nowhere
The spark plugs start missin' fire.

When you're showin' off your auto
To a lot o' country folks,
When it gets to sort o' balkin'
You'd heap rather swear than coax.
When you're spinnin' 'long the roadway
And a-talkin' auto slang,
Then without a moment's warnin'
It just sputters 'long—then bang!—
Just a-spittin' and a-jerkin'—
Then it stops right in the mire,
'Cause you're twenty miles from nowhere
And them plugs is missin' fire.

When the thing starts in a-sputter'n'
And a-actin' that-a-way,
You get out a-thinkin' somethin'
What you hardly dare to say.
You get down, a-gazin' starward
(Tho' your thoughts are t'other way),
And if folks weren't standin' 'bout you
Ain't no tellin' what you'd say.
It wilts down your linen collar,
But it stiffens up your ire
When you're twenty miles from nowhere
With them plugs a-missin' fire.

Oh there's other things might happen
What would sort o' make you blue;
We don't allus see the linin'
Where it's got the silver hue;
There's some folks can hold their tempers,
Make their knocks a sort o' jest,
But when out joy auto ridin'
(They're 'bout like 'most all the rest.
You can bet when that thing happens
It's the thing 'twill raise their ire
When they're twenty miles from nowhere
With the spark plugs missin' fire.

WHEN YOU GET A TOOTHACHE.

I've observed folks with the "jimjams"
 What cavort in a curious way,
And I s'pose they couldn't help it—
 Least that's what they allus say.
It is sometimes most distressin'
 For to see 'em carryin' on,
With another spell a-comin'
 'Fore the last one's hardly gone.
If I'd never had the toothache
 Then the jimjams sure would seem
Like the limit. But the toothache—
 Gosh! it ain't no fairy dream.

I've observed folks with a fever
 What complained o' liver chills,
When they dosed themselves with quinine
 And a lot o' blue-mass pills;
I've observed chaps with the earache,
 Which I 'low is 'bout as bad
As 'most any common ailment
 What a youngster ever had,
And I know it's mighty painful
 By the way I've heard 'em scream.
Oh but when you get a toothache!
 Gosh! it ain't no fairy dream.

I've observed folks with the "janders"
And with measles, croup and cold
And with lots o' differ'nt ailments
What affects both young and old.
I've observed 'em with the colic,
With the whoopin' cough and itch,
And I've seen 'em go a-stoopin'
'Cause their back has got a stitch.
And I've seen 'em have the nightmare
(Till they're dyin'—so 'twould seem.
Oh but when you get a toothache!
Gosh! it ain't no fairy dream.

I allow we all have troubles
And there's many an ache and pain,
'Cause the path o' most us mortals
Is a rough and stony lane.
'Tain't all strewn with scented roses,—
It ain't even thornless stems,—
And we of'en find it's pebbles
When we thought 'twas sparklin' gems.
Brainy M. D.'s write their papers
(Treatin' many a painful theme;
But it's when you get a toothache
That it ain't no fairy dream.

DID YOU TRY?

It ain't so much what you're doin',
 It ain't so much what you've done,
It ain't so much 'cause you're losin',
 It ain't so much that you've won;
It ain't just what you've accomplished
 In the days what's goin' by,
But the thing what counts, my brother,
 Is (lose or win): Did you try?

It ain't so much that you're beaten,
 It ain't that you've won the race,
It ain't the way things have ended
 What makes the shame and disgrace;
It ain't so much that you're merry,
 It ain't so much that you cry,
But the thing what counts, my brother,
 Is (lose or win): Did you try?

It ain't the size o' your fortune,
 It ain't the breadth o' your fame,
It ain't that you toil for a livin',
 It ain't you've an unknown name;
It ain't that you're kept so humble,
 It ain't you soar to the sky,
But the thing what counts, my brother,
 Is (lose or win): Did you try?

It ain't so much you've won battles,
 It ain't so much you've been licked,
It ain't 'cause your path is roses,
 It ain't 'cause you're cussed and kicked;
It ain't the sunshine or shadow
 What come as the days go by,
But the thing what counts, my brother,
 Is (lose or win): Did you try?

It ain't so much what you're doin',
 It ain't so much what you've done,
It ain't so much 'cause you're losin',
 It ain't so much that you've won;
When your life is most-nigh ended,
 When twilight's a-drawin' nigh,
{The thing what will count, my brother,
 Is (lose or win): Did you try?

DO THINGS NOW.

'Tain't no use to be a-braggin'
 'Bout the things 'twas done by you,
Or forever be a-tellin'
 'Bout what future things you'll do.

'Cause the past has gone forever
 And the future—well now, say!
If there's things you think need doin',
 Just you do 'em now today.

You may never reach the future
 And the past has gone to stay;
If you want to get things finished
 Better do 'em now today.

Don't you know the past and future
 Is just 'bout the same as one?
'Cause the present's all you're sure of,
 Now's the time to get things done.

THE STRAIGHT OUT SORT.

I ain't nothin' gin the fellar
 What is dressy like and fine,
And I ain't no kick a-comin'
 If his clothes are better'n' mine.
It's all right for other fellars
 If they want to have it so,
But I ain't no man for flubdubs
 And was never much on show.

I don't care for frills nor feathers
 Or how swell your fam'ly tree—
(Trace it back just all you're mind too,
 It won't have no 'fect on me.
It's all right to have fine grandads
 ('Tain't their fault what you may be),
But a straight out sort o' fellar
 Is the kind o' one for me.

He may have just lots o' money
 Or just be what folks call broke,
He may be just sort o' ploddin'
 Or may strike a longer stroke.
He's a right to go a past me
 If I'm easy like and slow ;
Is he real or only shammin' ?
 That's the thing I want to know.

I don't care none 'bout your smartness
Or the honors you may get
If you talk 'bout helpin' people
While they dig ahead and sweat;
I don't care if you 'pear pious
And the Lord His aid invoke
If you can't stop just a minute
For to lift some gallin' yoke.

No, don't tell me any stories
'Bout what other folks have been,
And don't show me any fixin's
What may hide the meanest men;
If your life is pure and spotless
Or if it is black as tar,
Don't go 'round a-hidin' somewhere—
Be plain out just what you are.

I've no love for pious fellars
If it don't reach 'neath the vest,
But I like 'most anybody
What's a-doin' of his best.
We ought not be judgin' others,
But I tell you what it is—
I've respect for any fellar
What is plain out what he is.

GOD'S SKY IS OVER ALL.

When the storm clouds are a-rollin'
And the thunder's keen and loud,
When we see the lightnin' flashin'
As it zigzags through the cloud,
'Twould inspire us, oh my brother,
If at such times you and I
Could just think, beyond the storm clouds
Is God's shinin' clear blue sky.

When the ship is slowly sinkin'
And the mighty billows roll,
When it 'pears no help is nigh us
And we hear the death knell toll,
Just remember 'mong the dangers
What with fear our hearts now fill,
There's a hand above the waters
What can tell them, "Peace, be still!"

Oft our life's a troubled voyage
And the storm clouds hover near;
Oft our hearts halt in the strivin'
As we're overcome with fear;
Oft the dangers what surround us
Can the strongest heart appal.
But remember, oh my brother,
That God's sky is over all.

When the storm clouds all have vanished
And life's sea is calm and fair,
When there ain't no shadows 'bout us,
But it's sunshine ever'where,
Then our hearts is restin' peaceful
And our minds is free o' care,
'Cause we see beyond the storm clouds
That God's sky was still up there.

Let the storm clouds roll and gather—
Hide at times our cherished goal—
Though our ship be torn asunder
As the mighty billows roll.
It's inspirin', oh my brother,
If at such times you and I
Can just think, *Beyond the storm clouds*
Is God's shinin' clear blue sky.

HOW SOME FOLKS LIVE.

(There is folks you can't say's livin'
But just stayin' here someway,
Sort o' hangin' on to somethin'
Till they fin'ly go away.

(They have staid here all their lifetime,
And ain't done no one no good;
If they'd staid a heap sight longer,
Chances are they never would.

Folks don't mind 'em while they're livin'
And don't miss 'em when they're gone—
Barely stop 'em when they meet 'em,
Then just sort o' hurry on.

After they have left us mortals,
When they went, and how, or where,
How they're restin' in the churchyard,
Ain't none know and few folks care.

SOMETHIN' 'TAIN'T HAPPENED YET.

Ain't you ofttimes sort o' noticed
In the folks along your way
That the things what cause their worry
Ain't the things what's here today?
They can bear their present troubles
And today's dark trials, but yet
They will do a lot o' worryin'
'Bout the thing 'tain't happened yet.

Guess we all of us must do it—
Purt-nigh all us *mortals* do.
'Pears there's times when I can't help it—
No doubt 'tis the same with you.
P'r'aps we're havin' our own troubles—
Mebby plenty and to let;
But it allus 'pears the worst one
Is the one 'tain't happened yet.

I don't know why in creation
Folkses will act that-a-way—
Worry 'bout the things a-comin'
When things is just fine today;
Lookin' for'ard for a storm-cloud,
Though God's sun is shinin' down,
Till they think the bright sun's visage
Is a-tryin' for to frown.

Also, ain't you ever noticed—
Don't you sort o' call to mind—
How the hills what's loomin' 'fore you
Loom up bigger'n them behind?
Ain't it so with all our troubles?
Things what makes us fear and fret
Likely is away off yonder
'Mong the things 'tain't happened yet.

Just you do the things about you,
Not a-fearin' things ahead,
Then you'll find your great big mountain
Is a molehill, like, instead.
We can smile 'bout present hap'nin's—
'Bout our cares today; but still,
We will skeer 'bout what ain't happened,
And *most likely never will.*

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

When a girl she gets a notion
That she's tired o' single life—
Gets a sort o' fool like i-dee
That she wants to be a wife,
'Tain't no use at all o' talkin'
Or a-shootin' off hot air;
She's a scent o' orange blossoms
And you bet she's goin' there.

If you've been along that highway
And you try to tell her things,
She will think that you are silly
And just goes ahead and sings
To herself about the roses
What she'll wear twined in her hair.
She's a scent o' orange blossoms
And you bet she's goin' there.

It don't matter what his name is,
If it's Wilson, Jones or Green,
And they'll take the blamdest fellars
What you purt-nigh ever seen.
It don't matter where he lives at,
She will go 'most anywhere;
Waft a scent o' orange blossoms
And you bet she's goin' there.

HANG ON TO YOUR GRIT.

Just you keep right on a-tryin'—
 Never mind what others say;
If you keep right on a-peggin',
 [Things are apt to come your way.
If you sit around a-frettin',
 It don't help a single bit;
If you really want to get there,
 Just you hang on to your grit.

Don't you ever stop a-tryin'
 'Cause your ship 'pears goin' down;
Allus grab a holt o' somethin'—
 Chances are you'll never drown.
Never think you're killed or dyin'
 'Cause you've been a little hit;
If you really want to get there,
 Just you hang on to your grit.

Lots o' folks instead o' livin'
 Will just sort o' fade away,
'Cause they one time had a setback;
 So they sort o' just decay.
Kind o' man what's allus needed
 And the one what makes a hit,
Is the man what smiles at troubles
 And just hangs on to his grit.



"Then she kicks the brimmin' bucket."

MILKIN' COWS IN FLYTIME.

There is times I get to musin'
 'Bout the things what's in the past,
Kind o' dreamy reminiscent
 'Bout the things what never last.
There's some things I keep forgettin'
 Till I dream o' them that way,
But one thing on mem'ry's planted,
 And it 'pears 'twill allus stay:
'Tis a picture of old Brindle
 And the rumpus what she made
When a-milkin' her in flytime
 And it ninety in the shade.

I have sawed the wood in winter
 And I've raked the yard in spring,
Sort o' puttered 'round with chickens
 And done purt-nigh ever'thing;
I've been pestered with the chiggers
 And 'most et alive with fleas,
Sicked the old dog in the bee swarm
 And got stung myself by bees;
But them there was sort o' side shows
 To the circus what was made
When we milked the cows in flytime
 And it ninety in the shade.

You can talk about the skeeters
 What in summertime would bite,
And the bedbugs (some folks had 'em)
 Till they made things warm at night;
But I tell you, they wern't in it
 When old Brindle made a swoop
With her tail around your headgear
 In a vicious floppin' loop;
'Then with tail, head, hoof and slobber
 She would start a fusillade
When a-milkin' her in flytime
 And it ninety in the shade.

And 'twas allus kind o' curious
 How there'd be a breathin' spell;
Then she'd kick the brimmin' bucket
 (Why? The wisest they can't tell),
And you grit your teeth to stand it
 And choke back just lots o' swears;
When you think your trouble over
 Then she takes you unawares,
Rams her nose beneath your short-ribs
 Just to see o' what you're made,
When you're milkin' her in flytime
 And it ninety in the shade.

And I sometime get a nightmare
At my musin'; for, you see,
Just a-thinkin' 'bout the wicked
Brings a horror over me;
When I leave this land o' mortals
And have crossed the narrow strait,
With St. Peter there before me—
Will he bar the pearly gate?
And it brings the fear upon me—
'Twould be awful if he made
Sinners milk the cows in flytime
Where it's ninety in the shade.

LIVER PILLS.

When some people get a notion
That they're sort o' feelin' bad
They will think of all the ailments
What a mortal ever had,
And git skeered as all creation,
'Cause the worst one o' the lot
They 'most allus will imagine
Is the very one they've got.

They have read about the symptoms
And they've heard the neighbors tell
'Bout the other folks what's had it
And how nary one got well.
They will think of all things dreadful
That to them could e'er befall;
Just you name a dozen ailments
And they'll think they've got 'em all.

You can't tell just why they do it,
If they're color blind or what:
Where you see the silver linin'
They will find the darkest spot.
Things ain't never to their likin'
And 'tis mighty hard to say
What just awful things would happen
If they only had their way.

They just think that fate's agin 'em
If the sky to them ain't blue
When they've drawn a cloud o' doubtin'
What won't let the sunshine through.
They will borrow lots o' trouble
Just a-worry'n' 'bout their ills,
When the only thing what's needed
Is a dose o' liver pills.

A SMILE AND HAND-CLASP.

The thing what to me 'pears helpful
For makin' the whole world kin,
And best for drivin' out shadows
And lettin' the sunshine in,
For helpin' one what's discouraged
And bringin' some tired soul rest,
Is a smile and hand-clasp, brother;
That, 'pears to me, is the best.

There's lots o' ways what folks tell us
For makin' this old world glad,
For makin' its burdens lighter,
For bringin' cheer to the sad,—
And lots o' folks are sure tryin'
To help the weak and oppressed;
But a smile and hand-clasp, brother,
It 'pears to me is the best.

Some folks send presents what's costly,
And some send money as gifts,
While some will preach you a sermon
What seems would surely uplift.
While no doubt these things are helpful,
And to some are a welcome guest,
Yet a smile and hand-clasp, brother,
It 'pears to me is the best.

Somehow when the world 'pears gloomy,
And to sorrow there seems no end—
When you feel kind o' God-forsaken
Like someway you hadn't a friend,—
There's nothin', my friend, its equal
For bringin' the warmth to your heart;
Then your voice somehow gets trembly,
And you feel the tear-drops start.

A man don't have to have money
To help his fellows along,
And folks don't have to be singers
To gladden the world with song.
Your wealth perhaps is a blessin'
To the weak, the poor and distressed,
But a smile and hand-clasp, brother,
It 'pears to me is the best.

There's nothin' what costs as little,
Yet nothin' what does as much
To'ards bringin' the world together
With sort of a heav'nly touch;
And nothin' it seems goes farther
To'ards makin' this life worth while
Than to have some fellar greet you
With just a hand-clasp and smile.

THE OLD TRUNDLE BED.

It was battered with age and discarded;

'Tain't never mentioned today;

'Tain't fittin' along with fine things,

And so they have cast it away.

It was sort o' common, I reckon—

Old fashioned and plain—but then,

When mem'ry sort o' tracks backwards,

I hanker to see it again,

It 'pears like one o' the fam'ly—

Like one o' the dear ones dead,

When mem'ry brings back the picture

Of that old-time trundle bed.

While there was no style about it

(In fact 'twas remarkably plain),

Yet songs what my mother sung 'side it,

As soft as the drippin' o' rain,

Would bring such a home-like feelin'

That it sort o' 'pears like, someway,

That the youngsters don't get nothin' like it

'Mongst all o' their fin'ry today.

It's many a time o' ev'nin',

Just after the papers is read,

I'll wish I could go back yonder

And rest in that trundle bed.

I'd like for to hear the lullaby
And the sweet old time refrain—
As soft as the breeze o'er blossoms
A-drip with the summer rain;
Like to hear the katydid answer
The call o' the whip-poor-will
And the chirp o' hearthstone crickets—
Till all the noises is still;
Like to sleep the sleep o' childhood
And to dream the dreams of old,
And 'magine the firelight's flicker
Was pavin' the floor with gold.

No doubt it has served its purpose,
And so it is classed with the past;
Old Time has left it behind him
'Mong the years what have gone so fast.
'Twouldn't look well in rooms what's modern
'Mong the fancy beds o' today;
Besides there was no place to put it,
And so they have cast it away.
Yet I'd like to go 'way back yonder
'Mong the things what's linked with the dead,
And just for one night have mother
Take and tuck me in that old bed.

PUT IT, RILEY, WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Oh "the frost is on the punkin
And the fodder's in the shock,"
But I never heard the "kyouckin' "
Of a "struttin' turkey-cock."
Mebby turkeys now is differ'nt
From the ones what Riley heard,
For a "struttin' cock" a "kyouckin' "
Sure's a queerish sort o' bird.

You may hear some 'tarnal racket
When the guineas git a-goin',
And there's lively sounds a-plenty
When the roosters start a-crowin',
And the atmosphere's sure hearty
In the frosty time o' year,
But a "struttin' cock" a "kyouckin' "
'Is a thing you'll never hear.

When our garner bins are crowded
With their ears o' golden corn,
And our sunset's only rival
Is the beauty of the morn,
Sure 'twould set my heart "a-clickin'
Like the tickin' of a clock"
If I'd ever hear the "kyouckin' "
Of a "struttin' turkey-cock."

While the frost's as appetizin'
As I s'pose it ever wuz,
(Sort o' spices up the vittles,
Or to me it 'pears it does);
Though it 'pears most folks is happy
In your modern folkses' way,
Yet you never hear no "kyouckin' "
From the "struttin' cocks" today.

And "the stubble in the furries"
Surely lonesome-like must be,
But what puts it in the furries
Is a curious thing to me;
And I sometimes get to thinkin',
Like *contrary* folkses will,
And I wonder where them barns wuz
What them stubble "growed to fill."

And "the strawstack in the medder"—
Well now, Riley, I'd 'most swear
That I never seen a farmer
What would put his strawstack there.
Put your clover in the hay-loft,
And old Barney in his stall,
But "the strawstack in the medder"—
That won't never do at all.

Yet we allus think o' Riley
When the fodder's in the shock,
And don't care a continental
'Bout that struttin' turkey cock.
Let 'em spread their glossy feathers
As they "kyouck" beneath the trees;
And the strawstack what was builded—
Put it, Riley, where you please.

We don't care none 'bout the stubble,
But we'd surely miss our Jim
If at times when clouds is hangin'
We could read no line from him.
Other things may pass forgotten
Simply as a passin' whim,
But we'll keep right on forever
In our love for dear old Jim.

THERE'LL ALLUS BE SOME KNOCKIN'.

Now it ain't no use a-tryin'
For to have one common view,
'Cause no differ'nce what's the problem,
There'll be some don't 'gree with you.
You can try just all you're mind to,
(There'll be folks a-knockin'; still,
While there's some won't like your efforts,
There'll be other folks what will.

If you ever climbed a mountain
Or have ever had a fall,
There's been folks around just actin'
Like they allus knowed it all.
They could tell just where you missed it—
How you'd ought 'a' done; but still,
While there's some won't never praise you,
There'll be other folks what will.

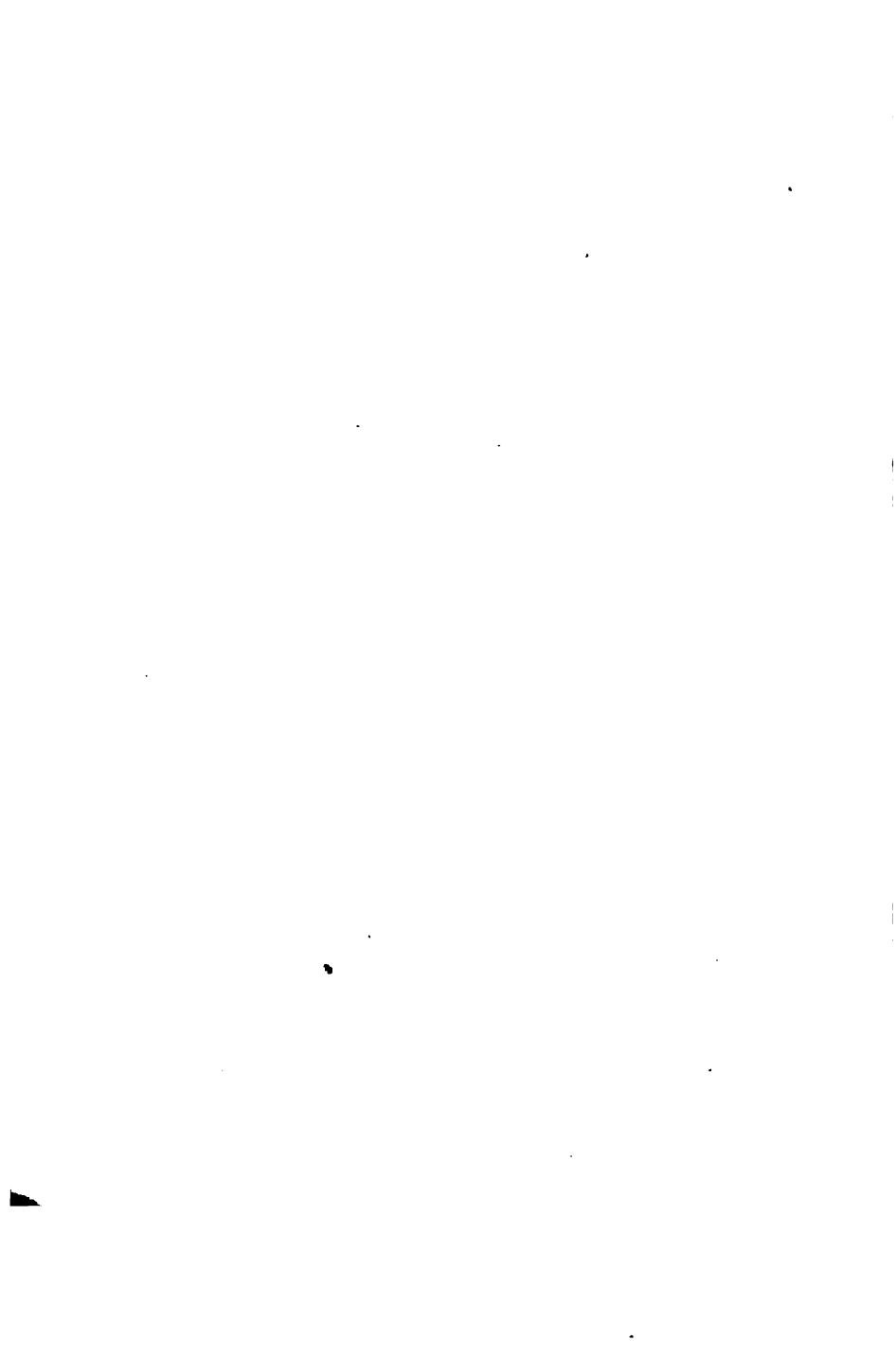
You ain't never fought a battle
(If you've won or if you've lost)
But your fight would been lots better
If some other folks had bossed.
You may feel somewhat discouraged
When you've done your best; but still,
While there's some won't like your fightin',
There'll be other folks what will.

It don't matter how you're tryin'
In the work you've got to do,
There'll be some instead o' helpin'
Are just allus knockin' you.
It don't matter 'bout your knowledge,
There'll be some to doubt your skill—
They won't like your ways or methods;
But there's other folks what will.

Yes, there'll allus be some knockin'
In this land we travel through,
'Cause there's folks with differ'nt makeups,
And each one has got his view.
While it's hard to have folks faultin'
When you've done your best, yet still,
Though there's folks it 'pears won't like you,
There'll be other folks what will.









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